MISSIONARY HORIZONS

NOVEMBER, 1955

"The Blue Madonna"

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MISSIONARY HORIZONS

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FRONT COVER PICTURE

The Blue Madonna, by Frank Wesley, Christian artist of India. The story of it is told on p. 158. The photograph of this painting was loaned to "Missionary Horizons" by the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature, through the kindness of Dr. Floyd Shacklock, author of "This Revolutionary Faith," a study book for 1955-56. Dr. Shacklock has recently become executive secretary of the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature.

The Christmas Spirit

I am the Christmas Spirit!

I enter the home of poverty, causing palefaced children to open their eyes wide with pleased wonder.

I cause the miser's clutched hand to relax, and thus paint a bright spot on his soul.

I cause the aged to renew their youth and to laugh in the old, glad way.

I keep romance alive in the heart of childhood, and brighten sleep with dreams woven of magic.

I cause eager feet to climb dark stairways with filled baskets, leaving behind hearts amazed at the goodness of the world.

I cause the prodigal to pause a moment on his wild, wasteful way, and send to anxious love some little token that releases glad tears which wash away the hard lines of sorrow.

I enter dark prison cells, reminding scarred manhood of what might have been, and pointing forward to good days yet to be.

I come softly into the still, white home of pain, and lips that are too weak to speak just tremble in silent, eloquent gratitude.

In a thousand ways I cause the weary world to look up into the face of God, and for a little moment forget the things which are small and wretched.

I am the Christmas spirit!

E. C. Baird

Jesus, The Christ

1. Inasmuch as Mary lived in Nazareth, how account for the fact that Jesus was born in Bethlehem?
2. How far is Bethlehem from Nazareth? from Jerusalem?
3. Which group arrived first to pay homage to the new-born King and Saviour—the Wise Men or the Shepherds?
4. Which verses in which chapters of the gospel of John tell that Christ existed before the creation of the world? before Abraham?
5. Of the many O. T. prophecies concerning the coming of Christ, can you find and quote five of your favorites?
6. Do the earthly events of Jesus confine him to only the continent where he was born?
7. What do you think Jesus was doing from age 12 to age 30?
8. During his years of ministry, did Jesus spend more time preaching to the people of Judea or of Galilee?
9. How many of his disciples were from Judea? how many from Galilee?
10. What proportion of the gospels tell of "The Last Week"?
11. How many of Jesus' parables can you name? Why did He tell each?
12. Of the parables, how many deal with some phase of possessions or money?
13. From Biblical account, or tradition, what happened to each of His apostles after the resurrection?
14. To which of His miracles would you have preferred to be a spectator? Why?
15. What is "The Great Commandment"? In giving it did Christ intend to do away with the Ten Commandments?
16. On what occasions did someone try to trap Jesus with questions? How did He answer each?
17. To whom did Jesus first appear after His resurrection? To what others did He appear later?
18. Quote some of the promises of Christ that are most precious to you.
19. To whom did Jesus say: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"; "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost"; "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth"; "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live"?
20. Who wrote the four Gospels? Where did each get his information? Which three are called the Synoptic Gospels? Why?

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE

Without the Way, there can be no going;
Without the Truth, there can be no knowing;
Without the Life, there can be no growing.

Since Christ is the Way, we ought to walk in him;
Since Christ is the Truth, we ought to trust in him;
Since Christ is the Life, we ought to live in him.

Thou who art the Way, lead us;
Thou who art the Truth, teach us;
Thou who art the Life, continue to live in us and love us.

—*Samuel Judson Porter*

Missionary Horizons

Vol. LXIX November 1955 No. 3

1955 THEME
BY FAITH WE WALK THE CHRISTIAN ROAD

"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Corinthians 5:7

WORSHIP SERVICE

By MRS. J. BOYD PATTERSON, Albany, Oregon

BY FAITH WE FOLLOW ON WITH CHRIST

Scripture: Heb. 11:39,40; Matt. 2:1-12; John 3:15,16; John 20:31

Sing favorite carols

Call to Worship:

"How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven."

Phillips Brooks

Meditation:

Christmas! That loveliest of all seasons of the year. One feels sure that Joseph Fort Newton was right when he said, "Only God could have thought of Christmas." How wonderful for us all that He did think of it. It is so much more than a season of festivity. But merely as "a season" it performs miracles in the human heart. Kindness, love, forgiveness, remembrance flow in a great tide around the world.

Christmas has a million meanings. And the deep inner meaning does come silently—as silently as in the dark streets of Bethlehem so many years ago. The Christmas Spirit may come upon us when a special, much-loved bit of Christmas music is heard. It may be out under the stars when lo, there is one which looks almost as bright as The Star; it may be the eager look on a child's face or in the fun of the family secrets; or when the tree is trimmed and the holly, pine and mistletoe are all arranged; or when the creche is set up again in its familiar place. Or the candles are lighted, or a note from a dear friend or loved relative across all the miles and the years or the giving of gifts to people who *need* gifts. Or it may be when the lovely, familiar words of Luke's gospel fall upon our ears. *"And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock—and suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and singing, Glory to God in the highest. And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."*

Yes, Christmas does have a million meanings. To quote Joseph Fort Newton again "Christmas means to be love-lifted and star-led." It is "a tapestry woven of stable straw and starlight" and has to do with the birth of a little child, a baby in a manger, when God became man and dwelt among us. This entire year we have thought about "the heroes of faith" in our worship services. Everyone of those characters, except Paul, lived before the birth of Jesus, the Saviour of mankind. They had faith and they did valiantly, but all of us who know of the birth of The One must do better because we know Him. This event has made all the difference.

"O holy child of Bethlehem.
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin, and enter in
Be born in us today."

Phillips Brooks

Prayer:

"Faith" in the Greek language

The Road Of The Loving Heart

SIXTY years ago some people on a far-away Pacific Island built "The Road of the Loving Heart" to express their love and appreciation for "Tusitala," The Teller of Tales, better known to the English-speaking world as Robert Louis Stevenson, poet, essayist, novelist.

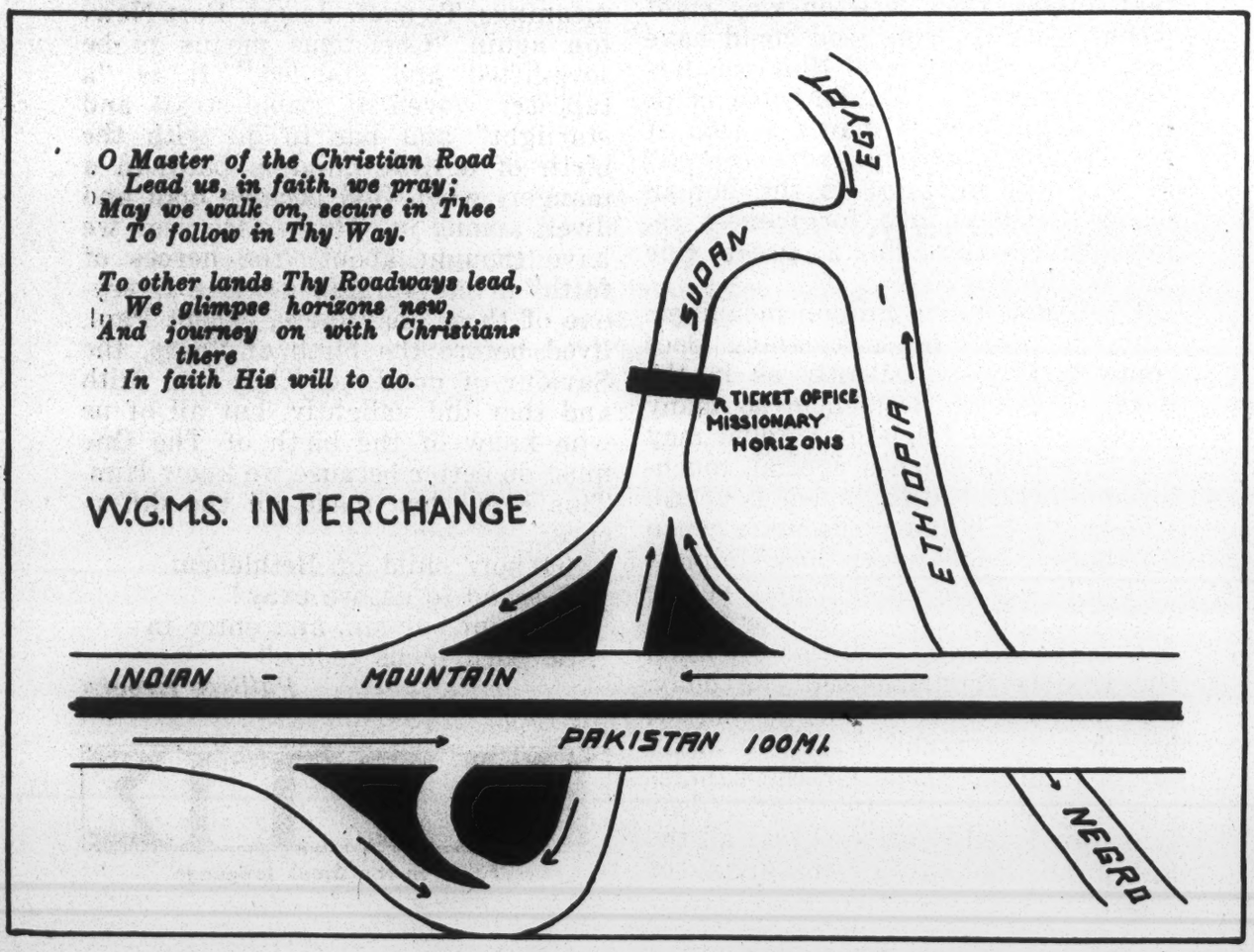
Mr. Stevenson, living on the Island of Samoa for health reasons, was a kind friend to the people. Because the Stevenson family had befriended some political prisoners in a nearby camp, ten prisoner chieftains, when released, said through their "Talking Man"—"You were our friend and our protector when we were in trouble. Now that we have our freedom back again, we do not want to go home and enjoy it in peace until we have done something for you. We know that the road to your High Chief palace in Vailima is not a good one; in bad weather it is impassable. We and our people want to work on it and make it into a good road so that it may be a joy to you and serve to remind you of us."

A free gift, to be built by themselves! Truly a gift—for the Samoans, like others, were prone to want pay, and they resented working on the roads!

Out of love they built it. At the ceremony for the opening of this "Road of the Loving Heart," their beloved Tusitala spoke warm, sincere words of appreciation. He also tactfully referred to his great hope that they would cease political fighting. His words did much to unify the people, "You Samoans may fight, you may conquer twenty times, and thirty times, and all will be in vain. There is but one way to defend Samoa. Hear it before it is too late. It is to make roads, and gardens . . . It is the man who makes roads, who plants food trees, who gathers harvests, and is a profitable servant before the Lord, using and improving that great talent that has been given to him in trust . . . Once built, roads have a strange vitality of their own; they collect people who use and repair and keep them alive."

Through 1955 we have been trying "By Faith to Walk the Christian Road." It, too, is "The Road of the Loving Heart." Christian kindness, sympathy and concern for others have led us, through prayer, service, and gifts, on the roads that lead to Egypt, to Pakistan-India, to the Sudan and to Ethiopia. Less distant routes have led to needy people and places in our own America. It is fitting that our final theme study for the year should be "The Road of the Loving Heart."

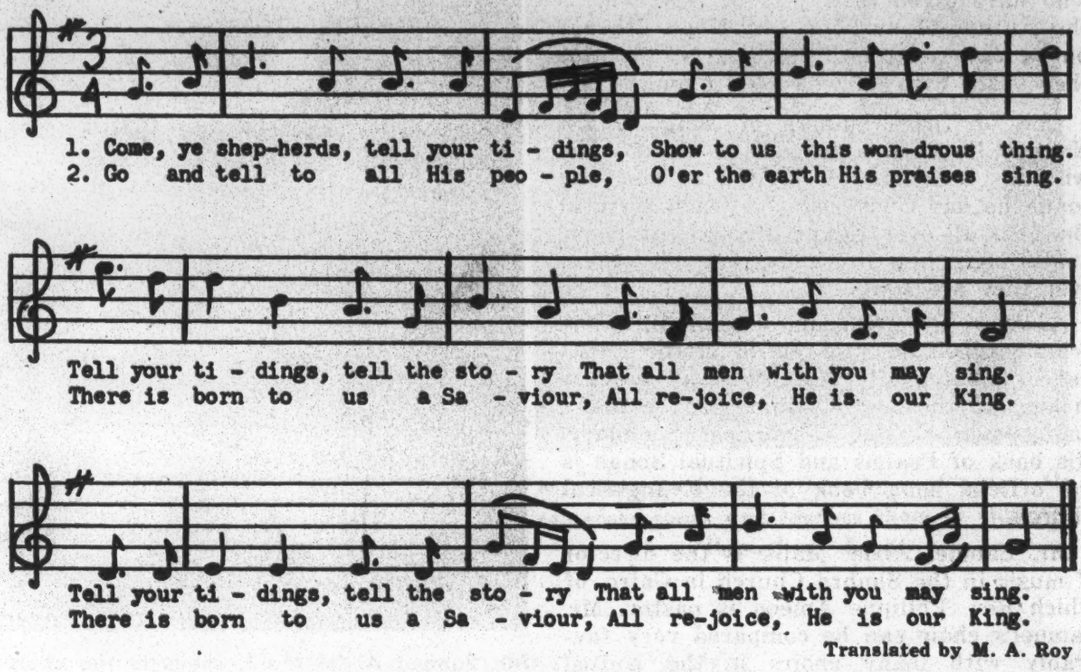
Quotations are from "Home from the Sea" by Bermann.



THE WHOLE WORLD SINGING

AN EASTERN CAROL

COPTIC ORTHODOX


1. Come, ye shep-herds, tell your ti - dings, Show to us this won-drous thing.
2. Go and tell to all His peo - ple, O'er the earth His praises sing.
Tell your ti - dings, tell the sto - ry That all men with you may sing.
There is born to us a Sa - viour, All re-joice, He is our King.
Tell your ti - dings, tell the sto - ry That all men with you may sing.
There is born to us a Sa - viour, All re-joice, He is our King.

Translated by M. A. Roy

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

By MARTHA A. ROY, Cairo, Egypt

TWO thousand years ago, a group of simple shepherds in this part of the world sat around a fire watching their sheep. Suddenly to their ears came the sound of music, more beautiful than any they had ever heard before. A host of angels from heaven sang the song that has come to us down through the ages: "For there is born to you this day in the city of David, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, Glory to God in the highest peace on earth and good-will to men." This song first sung in the Near East has been re-echoed hundreds of times in the hearts and on the lips of God's children over the whole world, because those who first heard it were faithful in transmitting it.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

It was only a few short years later that the song was brought to Egypt—brought by those who traveled the road of the loving heart. It was sung in new tongues different from those of the heavenly host—in Greek and Hebrew and the language of the people of Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs. The words would be unintelligible to us, but the accents of joy and praise for the Gift of God are known and understood by all whose hearts are attuned to this beautiful melody. Soon all Egypt was singing these songs, and they have been handed down through the centuries of Christian worship in the Coptic Orthodox Church. Christmas, celebrated on January 7, in the lands of the Near East in the Orthodox churches, is a time of singing of the joy of that first Christmas, an echo of the Christmas song sung on the hills of Judea twenty centuries ago.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

Today, on December 25 or on January 7, you hear the Christmas songs, some of them familiar, some with strange tunes. The strains of "Silent Night," "O Come All Ye Faithful," "Joy to the World," float on the air in Evangelical Churches and Mission schools and hospitals, in pageants and services of carols. Very many of the carols, so dear to the heart of the Westerner, have been translated into Arabic that their message may be clear. Some of the songs you

hear are those which have come to us from the rich heritage of liturgy and song of the Coptic Orthodox Church. Some are new songs written by consecrated Egyptians who have given their gift to Him who is the Author of our Joy and Hope. He has put a new song into the hearts, and this they share with all who love to sing.

One of these singers of song is Mr. Nageeb Ibrahim, a teacher in Assiut. He, with his accordion, is invited to sing the songs he has composed and teach them in churches all over Egypt. His gift of music has brought new life and great joy wherever they are sung.

Another, Rev. Ghobrial Risqallah, is the acknowledged dean of music in the Evangelical Church. He has given a love for music and thorough training to the many young men in the Theological Seminary. His book of Psalms and Spiritual Songs is the official song book of the Evangelical Church.

Mr. Samuel Abdel Malik is the director of music in the Shubra Church in Cairo, of which Rev. Philippe Ameen is pastor. Mr. Samuel's choir can be compared very favorably with many choirs in the United Presbyterian Church in the United States.

Miss Phoebe Habeeb trains and conducts the choir in the largest Evangelical Church in Egypt.

These leaders of music gave a week of their vacation this summer to conducting

Mr. Samuel Abdel Malik conducts the chorus with Miss Phoebe Habeeb at the piano

an Institute for Church Music. They led the sessions in Bible Study, discussions of the problems of music in the church in respect to choir and to congregation, the teaching of new song materials. The pastors and

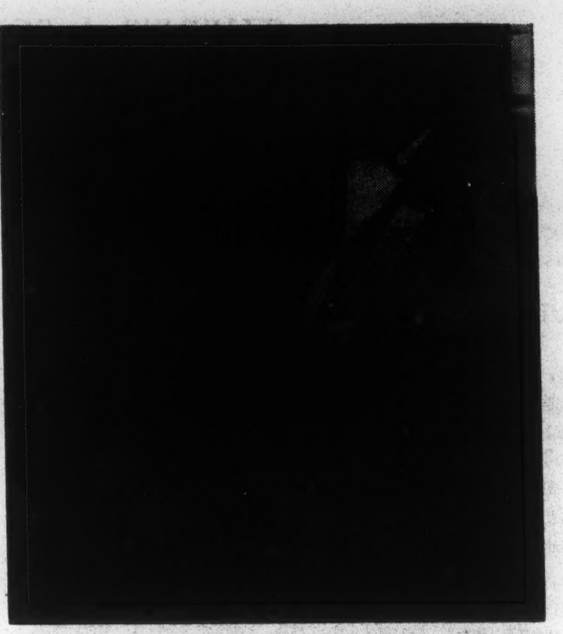
Egypt Singing

young people who attended were eager and enthusiastic in their response, and they will carry these new songs back to their churches and places of worship. The story of God's love and the message of salvation will sink deep into the many hearts who hear.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

Egypt is singing. On that evening so long ago on the hills of Judea, the angels sang a new song. The shepherds heard it and told the joyful tidings. Egypt has been singing that song for two thousand years, longer than most countries in the world. The glory and the joy of that song has never been silenced. It is still sung with the same joy and faithfulness in church, school, hospital, club, by rich and poor, by young and old, by the simple and the wise, by the peasant and the merchant. And wherever it is sung it bears the seed of the Word, whereunto it shall not return void, but shall some day bring a greater company to join the heavenly chorus in singing that glorious song.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO



Mr. Nageeb Ibrahim, the singer of songs. He composes songs and teaches them in churches throughout Egypt.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

From the starry heav'n descending
Herald angels in their flight,
Nearer winging,
Clearer singing,
Thrilled with harmony the night:
"Glory, glory in the highest!"
Sounded yet and yet again,
Sweeter, clearer,
Fuller, nearer --
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Roused from sleep, that gladsome morn,
Saw the glory
Heard the story
That the Prince of Peace was born:
"Glory, glory in the highest!"
Sang the angel choir again,
Nearer winging,
Clearer singing:
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Swept the angel singers onward,
Died the song upon the air;
But the glory
Of that story
Grows and triumphs everywhere;
And when glow the Yuletide heavens,
Seems that glorious song again
Floating nearer,
Sweeter, clearer ---
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

—J. R. NEWELL

THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR

By RUTH E. McCREERY, Loveland, Colorado, on Furlough from Ethiopia

SHE was bowed under a heavy load of sticks and wood which she was carrying to her little hut from the forest when I first saw her approaching on the path. Her face could not be seen for it was bent earthward as she trudged along under her burden. But suddenly as she came nearer, I realized that she was singing. I stopped and listened. And then it was that I recognized her song —"Trust and Obey." A moment later, she saw me, raised her eyes, and greeted me. After she was gone, I stood there on the path in amazement at the miracle of a transformed life. There was a song in the air that day because a dear Galla Christian in Dembi Dollo knew the reality of the Cross and had experienced within her heart

"The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land
A home within the wilderness
A rest upon the way."

Sometimes at the close of a busy and tiring day, I slip into the church which is also the school chapel and play a few hymns on the organ. One day as I was doing this, I looked up to see the faces of several children peeking in through the half-opened door. After a few minutes, one of them became bold enough to enter the room. Thinking he might be wanting something, I stopped and questioned him.

"Only to listen" was his reply.

With rapt attention he listened as I played through several more hymns. I knew

this boy of perhaps nine years to be in our school but did not know him by name. But I observed him gradually inching toward the organ, I invited him to come and sing with me. Gladly he grasped the Amharic songbook and we sang together, "Tolo wada Yesus na" which in English means, "Come to Jesus" and many others. Mamo's voice was beautiful and clear as a bell as he sang with his whole heart. There was a song in the air that day because a school boy's voice was raised in praise to the Lord.

And often we hear a song in the air during the night hours. Our school children who live on the mission compound must prepare their own meals and do all of their own work. Daily wood must be brought in, grain must be ground, water carried from the stream, etc. Hence they generally eat late in the evening. After the evening meal, a quietness settles down over that tukl which has been so full of activities of fifteen girls, and we know that the evening hour of prayer has arrived. Clearly through the night air comes the sound of their voices as they sing in their own Galla tongue one song after another. There is only a flicker of light in their hut and no song books can be found there. But the song rings out into the night because these girls have learned to love and trust the Savior.

Yes—there's a song in the air whenever people know the joy of redemption in Jesus Christ.

GLORY TO THE NEW-BORN KING

By BEVERLY J. DAY, in Language Study, Omdurman, The Sudan

SILENCE the carolers! Still the carillons! Quiet the hundred and one records that send songs of Christmas ringing through the air! Cancel the choir's program of special holiday anthems!

Can your ears imagine the stillness? Does it seem like Christmas is only a few days away?

The silence chills your heart. Christmas is joy—and joy is song pouring out of the hearts of those whose whole life and hope are founded in the birth of Christ Jesus, the Only Begotten Son of God. You cannot imagine, can you, what Christmas is like without the music you hear all around you? It is like oatmeal without salt, like cake without baking powder. Basically it is the same holy day, but its buoyancy is lacking.

However, Isaiah says: "From the ends of the earth we hear songs of praise—of glory to the Righteous One,"—and he is not wrong. In each part of the world there are praises being sung to the new-born King—but how weak and nearly inaudible these praises often are. The voices that raise these songs have Christ Jesus in their hearts, yet the dark silence all around them cannot help suppressing their fervor, just as our own laughter is silenced as we come into the presence of sorrowing friends. They realize, as John did, that the Light has come into the world, but that men love darkness rather than light. Each of us knows that God sent Christ to save the world: those who believe in Him are not condemned, and those who do not believe are sentenced to the punishment of never knowing the joys of eternal life in God's heavenly kingdom.

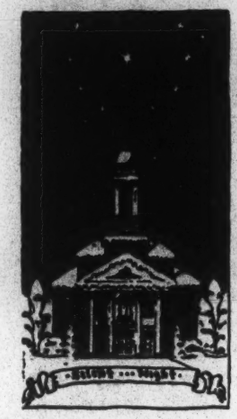
A condemned man seldom sings; yet if his sentence is repealed, his heart abounds with joy. If the whole world is to sing, its millions of hearts must abound in joy. To abound in joy, Christ must reign in them. To reign in their hearts, Christ must first be made known. That is our task—my task and your task.

St. Paul says that each of us, although having gifts that differ, must use these gifts, never flagging in zeal, always aglow with the Spirit, always constant in prayer. In other words, Young Women and Old Women, Juniors and Menfolk—YOU are the composers, the lyricists, the choirmasters, the organists. You are the instruments by which the whole world may be made—with us—a singing world.

Work—each of you—and pray to fullfil that vision of St. John who saw and heard: ". . . every creature in heaven and in earth, and under the earth, and in the sea, and all therein saying—

To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb
Be blessing and honor, glory and might
For ever and ever. Amen."

The Christian World Mission in Our Day



A recent thought-provoking book is entitled, *The Christian World Mission in Our Day*. Its author is the well-known historian, Kenneth Scott Latourette, whose life work has been the study, teaching and writing about Missions and Oriental History.

This article is in no sense a review of his valuable book. However, much that is contained in the article has been inspired by thoughts that have lingered after reading the book.

Dr. Latourette raises questions such as, "What is the Gospel doing in our day? What is happening to the Church which it has brought into being and of which it is the vehicle? To what extent can we modify the developments? If we can modify them, in what direction should we move?" His answers are searching, rather than dogmatic.

He recognizes that we are living in "a world of change." Never before has it been possible for people, and even for the *words* of the stay-at-home, to so speedily encircle the globe as they do now. "In our generation, for the first time in history, the Church can be called global." Of course there are sections of countries where the people have never heard of Christ.

Are we keenly aware of the fact that though the purpose of the World Mission of the Church continues unchanged, the Mission World of today is not like that of the Past? (Perhaps we should add that it never was, for in the very nature of the passing of Time, the Present momentarily outmodes the Past.) We are justified in saying that we are living in an era of great changes with regard to that which adults of today have traditionally considered to be the manner and methods of mission strategy.

The rapid changes in the political and cultural outlook of the peoples to whom we have been sending missionaries calls for a rethinking of the whole program. During the last half of the 19th and the first half of the 20th centuries, Western civilizations developed cultures which became their pride, but the envy of the Orient. The latter became restless, desirous of the good things of the Occident, to satisfy the secular appetites and hungers as well as religious benefits given to them by the missions.

Some contrasts between the world of Yesterday and Today may be noted: the prominence of war and the fear of war—and at the same time more talk about peace than ever before; superfluous plenty in parts of the world—abject hunger in other areas; an unprecedented flow of patented time-and-labor-saving gadgets—others with unlimited time but without the base necessities of life; printing presses producing reams and stacks of reading material—and illiterate people with nothing to read if they were literate; much talk about ecumenicity—but a subtle pride in what might be termed, for lack of a better expression, "church nationalism"; greater means of transportation and communication—but the danger of doors in certain countries closing to missionaries; an unprecedented era of church building in America—an invading growth of secularism . . .

These are but a few of the enemies, old and new, that lurk everywhere. Some would-be prophets magnify the enemies, even questioning whether we are already living in a "post-Christian era." Others, prophetic also, recognize the contrasting barriers, but in faith press onward to accomplish what they feel to be their duty and privilege with relation to the Christian World Mission in our Day.

The lush days of colonial empires built by Western powers have been vanishing as the people of these empires have stood up, saying, "We, too, are men. We want our destined freedom." And by war, or peaceful revolution, most of them have received it. A revolt against inherited ideas and ideals has led to strange philosophies of leaders who have made capital of the frenzy they helped to develop and have played queer roles in world history—until they strutted themselves into personal infamy. The slogans and actions of men like Mussolini, Hitler, the war lords of Japan, Stalin, and more recently, Peron, have seemed in their day to overshadow all contemporary happenings — but they have

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The book, "The Christian World Mission in Our Day" is recommended to those who wish to go deeply into the study of this theme. Published by Harper & Brothers. Available from U. P. Book Store, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa. $2.50.

The article by Dr. T. Donald Black, p. 144, will be helpful for this topic.—Editor

passed on, not exactly into oblivion, but certainly into disreputable notoriety. The influence of the complications that wars have engendered has undoubtedly helped to shape our world of today.

Many of the rapid changes in the political and cultural outlook of the people in lands to which we have traditionally sent missionaries have come directly or indirectly because of war. We must admit that world wars, though horrible and disrupting, do foster a cosmopolitan mingling of the youth of the world, who form definite opinions, good and bad, of people whom previous generations had ignorantly regarded with sentimental or condescending curiosity, or even with disdain.

Recently a young man just home from military service in Korea, when asked whether he had seen conditions such as are mentioned in the article on page 155 of this magazine, paused for an embarrassing space of time before replying. Finally, came the answer, and it was evident he did not want to talk about it, "Well, I saw plenty. You may know that people are destitute when they cherish a bit of straw, to put most any place, for a bed at night." He added, regretfully, "I saw, too, these orphaned urchins stealing everything they could from the soldier, even cutting the strap to the kodak slung over the shoulder of the soldier, then selling the kodak for food. Hunger will drive one to do such things." That was all he wanted to say, but it was evident he felt compassion for suffering Korea, mingled with some disgust; however it was impossible to be sure whether his disgust was for the child thieves, or for the war conditions that had made them thieves.

The modern missionary movement is relatively new. Conditions have changed much since the organizers and pioneer missionaries started work with little material backing. Countless stories have been told of the self-sacrifice of these pioneers. The same is true today, though few consider they make sacrifices, so deeply concerned are they about the Christian World Mission. One example will suffice. In a certain mission field it was necessary for a missionary surgeon to return to America for further study. There was the dilemma of closing the medical work during his absence inasmuch as there was no one to take his place, and the government required that the hospital be kept open. As the Mission Association pondered what to do, another mission doctor — a woman whose furlough was long overdue—humbly volunteered, saying that though she was not a surgeon, she was a medical doctor, and could fill the requirement. Because of the urgent need and the vital reasons for having a doctor there, the Mission Association suffered her to go. And she is serving gladly.

The classic missionary methods of evangelism through preaching, teaching and healing, are continuing, however their significance is conditioned by the conviction that unless these things in particular locations are vital channels through which the Christian gospel is being accepted, and unless they are performing these ministries in ways impossible for the government to do, their continuance should be rethought.

There is cause for rejoicing in seeing Christianity become indigenous in the lands to which we send missionaries. As previously subject people achieve political independence, is it not natural that they should want freedom of expression and growing oversight of the evangelical church of which they are members? They have learned many things about church organization from missionaries. Is it not natural that they should do the things they have learned? They love Christ. Is it not logical that the power of the Gospel should impel them to interpret Him through their own national music, poetry, literature and art? (Cover on this issue of *Missionary Horizons* is an Indian artist's interpretation of Christmas.)

Many welfare organizations, not church-sponsored, have had their wellspring in the Gospels, such as the Red Cross, YMCA, YWCA, Point-4 Program, Ford Foundation, etc. Is there danger that the social-service angle will predominate and the Christian concern be forgotten? Some fear so; others believe that Christ would say concerning them, "These things are for us, not against us?"

A study of the Christian World Mission in Our Day would hardly be adequate that omitted the emphasis being placed on vital Christian Stewardship. If there is the tinge of indifference to sincere worship and to the Church doing the real work for which it exists, it would be well to give careful consideration to Stewardship. What temptation some find in the many devices for commercializing group interests under the urge to make money for this and that cause by many methods and means! How tragic that some business concerns augment the temptation by offering flattering profit to non-profit groups

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Christmas Story

"PAPOOSE GO MERRY"

How Paleface and Indian Kept a First Christmas Day in the Far West

By ALICE McINTYRE PACK

WELL, if you must have it, my darlings, this is the way it was. (The mother took her place before the fire and spread her hands in invitation at her sides. Outside, snow was falling like the trailing, silvery memory of other Christmas.)

I used to think Father was the pioneeringest of the pioneers. Just going west didn't suit him at all. He had to go clear to the Pacific Ocean. He was so hopeful and fearless he made my mother feel that way, too. So she left their comfortable farm home in Ohio and settled with him on the banks of a river, where it met the tide waters of Gray's Harbor and ran swiftly through a narrow gap to join the sea. My mother named the river Singing Woman.

Great virgin forests grew down to the very shores of the land-locked harbor like a vast green army, bivouacked, awaiting the advance of the enemy. Father knew that he must start a saw mill, so he went to San Francisco for machinery. He went on the little schooner which always looked like a toy as it rounded the bend of the river and disappeared from sight.

"What shall I bring you, my dearest?" he asked my mother as we walked with him to our landing, which jutted waveringly over the water. "That is, what besides a brand-new red saw mill?"

"Oh, John," Mother clung to his arm, "nothing for me, but if you find you can't get home, do send the children something for Christmas. Donna wants a ring. And some toys for the little ones. Christmas will be hard this year."

"I know, my girl."

Father held her close, and their cheeks were wet together as they looked across the river to the Indian burial ground where we had left my baby brother John three months before. When he had died so suddenly in that new, far edge of a strange country, it had not seemed so lonely for him there. In the makeshift cemetery there were Indian children surrounded by their tiny possessions to keep them happy in the hunting grounds beyond. Two friendly squaws had come and kissed the soil above him and left food for his journey as was their custom. But their men were not so friendly. One of them had advanced on Father as we walked away.

"No like," he said in a low guttural voice. "No like paleface here."

His companion gazed stolidly and gave a harsh grunt. But Father did not seem to hear as he stumbled from the grounds.

"You're thirteen years old now. Be a little woman, Donna," Father said as he kissed me good-bye.

I cried and told him I would try to be.

Mother stood quiet for a while after the schooner had disappeared. She was whispering something, asking some one for no storms and for fair sailing. Her hands were clenched. "I must not fail these babies," she said as she turned back to the house she had helped to build with her own hands.

I knew that Mother was afraid of the woods. Father had cut the tall trees from around our house so there was no danger of them crashing us in a storm, but she knew there were lynx and cougar in the depths of the forest. She went weak if a friendly Quinault Indian approached our house. She was the only white woman on the river for miles, although there were a few women at the little town of Hoquiam. A millwright and his wife had stopped once. The woman said Mother's house was a jewel in the wilderness. Mother's windows always shone as clear as sunlight. Cheerful paper which she had brought from the East covered the walls, and the curtains at the windows were snowy, starched flour sacks bound with turkey red. Father had built a firplace in each end of the main room, and the firelight dancing in Mother's fine old mirrors lit up the homemade tables and chairs.

So appropriate is this Christmas story to our autumn study theme on the Indian American, that even though it is impossible to identify the magazine from which the story was clipped, we present it here. Unfortunately, it was filed some years ago with no identifying data before your editor knew she would ever have reason to know the source of stories, or be the editor of "Missionary Horizons" with its splendid literary opportunities.—Editor

It was just the week before Christmas that we looked out on the river and saw old Humptulips Joe pull his canoe on our landing. He was followed by three other Indians.

"Here come the friendly Indians," my mother said gaily.

I could see how fast her heart was beating, but Tad and Dannie and little Bette ran out the door shouting, "Friendly Indians, friendly Indians!"

Humptulips Joe, named from the river on which he lived, and the other Indians did not wait to be invited into our house. They came in. Sullen and dirty, Humptulips Joe looked around the room until he saw Mother.

"You," he said harshly, "you put pale-face papoose in Indian ground. Ground for Indian fathers."

"We did not know it was sacred burial ground, Joe," answered my mother. "My husband will be back after the New Year."

She sent us out of the room, but I heard Joe say, "No good New Year. Too late."

We went to the back stoop where we kept a wash basin and bucket of water. Above it hung a comb tied to a string. Joe and his companions came out the back door. They were angry. Joe picked up the comb and looked it over. "Humph!" he exclaimed in disgust. Removing his old black hat, he ran the comb through his long sticky hair.

Seldom had I seen my mother angry. But now she grabbed the comb, broke the long string, and threw the comb as far as she could into the woods beyond. Then she called us children in, bolted the door, and the Indians went away. We didn't see them again for a week.

There were the chores to do with Father gone, so Mother and I would tuck the little ones in bed, blow out the lamp for fear of fire, and go to the barn to milk the cow. The night was so quiet it seemed that we and the cow were the only creatures alive in the world, and the only lights the golden flame of our lantern and the far-off silvery gleam of the stars.

Three days before Christmas the ground was white with a loose, damp snow. It would be a white Christmas, we said, the first one since leaving Ohio. We took the big axe and set out to get our tree. Although a whole forest of Christmas trees grew right beside our door, they furnished no excuse for packing up salt-pork sandwiches and thin strips of smoked salmon and setting off in our homemade sled with Tad and Donnie and little Bette with curls askew and cheeks ablaze.

We pushed on and on, up hillsides, crashing through fern and salal. We stopped by a roaring little stream and built a fire and warmed our swollen red hands, while Mother made us hot gruel in a tin can she had brought. We had not yet found a suitable tree. The ones Dannie picked out were always too big, and Bette's were too small, and Tad had his heart set on finding one with a bird's nest in it. So Mother told us the story about the little girl who went through the whole forest and then picked out a crooked stick.

It was when we were almost home with our fine, straight tree tied to the sled that we passed Humptulips Joe and three Indians. Mother stopped and gave us a chance to draw close.

"Good evening, Joe," she said.

"Humph," answered the Indian. Little Tad saw Joe shaking his fist at us.

In the house Mother made a thoughtful inspection of the rooms, then said, "I was just thinking it is about time to look out for the boat."

That remark erased all thought of unfriendly Indians. The small steam schooner which plied the harbor with mail and supplies from Portland every two weeks was due before the holidays. On this boat Father's presents would come, perhaps Father himself. The Captain had said he would be back before Christmas.

"Come, my lambs! Let's get to work," Mother said, setting out flour paste, scissors and papers. How we worked! It seemed as though we were doing it all for Father. The boys made the tree stand straight in a tub of sand; Bette strung popcorn, and I made stars and covered them with tin foil. Almost every fifteen minutes one of us rushed to the window to see if the boat were coming up the river.

By noon on the day of Christmas Eve there had come a real snowstorm. All night the forests had moaned and groaned. The wet snow gathered on the windows. Tad and Dannie decided to stand guard at the front window.

Little Bette called out, "Mummie, is Santa coming?"

"Yes, Pet," said Mother.

"Is Santa an Indian?"

"Not our Santa Claus," Mother answered.

"Then Indians is comin' to see Santa," said Bette.

Mother looked out. A slow-moving file of squat, dark figures shuffled through the

snow along the trail behind the house. When they came to the porch, they kicked the water bucket off the bench, and used it as a football as they went on their way. I could see it worried Mother.

The tree was green and brave with strings of gleaming pop corn, shiny silver balls and stars on tin foil. Mother made little white boats of paper attached by a pin to a cork and fastened them on the tree. When the cold air rushed through a door or window, the boats spun around like gay little weather vanes.

We cleaned, dusted, and puffed up the pillows in Father's chair any number of times. It began to get dark, and still no sign of the boat. We fried our corn-meal mush for supper and took one more look out the window before we sat down. The boys gulped down their food. We tried to choke back the tears. We took the children with us to the barn that night. The cold revived their spirits. While Mother milked the cow, she told the old story that all dumb animals at the stroke of midnight find their voices and talk like human beings until dawn.

None of us wanted to go to bed, and Mother didn't make us. The boys hung dolefully at the window with their noses flat against the pane, so when Mother began to tell the Christmas story they were glad to listen. The part the boys liked best was about the shepherds. Mother told it so you could just see them out on a windy hill in the starlight with their flocks bedded down for the night like soft clouds crumpling together. "O Shepherds, guard your sheep." Then the great star brighter and whiter than the rest and the angel pointing the way to where lay the King; and the dawn of faith in the shepherd's hearts. And the helpless Babe, no crib for his head—Bette cried about that—and the faith of the wise men who were bearing gifts.

Suddenly Mother stopped. Yes, there was a hoarse "Toot-toot."

The boys shouted, "It's come! It's come! Christmas has come!"

"Oh, Father!" I heard Mother say. It sounded like a prayer, there was so much thankfulness in her voice. She took her shawl off its hook and hurried out. Bette and I stumbled along under one blanket which I snatched in haste.

The boat lay puffing at the landing. I kept thinking how beautiful stones like the red and green lights would look set into a ring.

"Christmas gift!" called the Captain. "Your Pa ain't aboard, but here's a package from him. Ten to one it's some blue jeans and a switch apiece for the boys and a dish rag for Donna."

All laughed. Immediately the boat slid away. The boys struggled for possession of the box, until Mother said to carry it between them. They stamped into the house, puffing out their brilliant cheeks, and Mother looked young and pretty with her blue eyes shining with a sprinkle of snow on her hair. She wiped off the box with the end of her shawl.

"Let's open it now," pleaded the boys, and Bette circled the package with wide eyes.

"Not now," said Mother firmly. "You must hang up your stockings and get to bed."

Never had they obeyed so quickly and willingly.

"Now, daughter," Mother said after we were sure they were asleep, "we'll begin."

I ran for the butcher knife. The box was tied with a frayed hemp rope. We lifted the lid. There was a mass of newspaper-wrapped bundles. Mother's hands flew to lift the parcels, but as she picked them up, they collapsed in her fingers. She rustled the papers between her hands. She looked up at me with that stricken look of a sudden sickness. Frantically I felt through the box. One of the paper bundles contained something hard. I undid it hastily, and out rolled a little red fire wagon hitched to two racing chargers. You could almost see flames snort from their red nostrils as the two helmeted drivers were answering the call of duty. A cunning ladder was hooked on at the sides, and in the wagon bed was coiled at least a foot of hose. Two tiny buckets swung on behind, completing a perfect model of the fire-fighting equipment of the day.

That was all. Not even the tiniest ring could have escaped our searching.

Mother's mouth was working piteously until she looked at me. Then she put her hand on my shoulders and said: "Steady, daughter. Let's get busy."

I didn't know what she meant, but there was that special note in her voice she had used to Father as she led him away from the Indian burial ground. Now it said to me: "Well, are we women, or aren't we? Are we going to let three children lose their belief in Christmas because some sneak thief stole your father's gifts for them?"

"All right, Mother, what shall we do?"

What we did was to fire up the kitchen stove, measure and sift flour and sugar, get out the last of our lard. We mixed and fried doughnuts in the shape of jolly-looking fat men, made molasses taffy and cut it into golden pillows and rope-like twists. While I popped corn and rolled it into sweet balls, Mother made Bette a doll out of one of Father's socks. From the beautiful peacock feathers she had brought from Ohio —the boys had begged for them—she made two Indian headdresses.

She had just finished the first one when the kitchen door was flung open and Humtulips Joe was in the room. Three red-faced Indians were with him, and there was a strange odor in the room from their breath. Joe lurched toward my mother, glowering at her, "You move papoose from Indian ground or Indians dig him up and throw him in river!"

Mother's hands went together at her breast. Then she stretched them out to Joe. It seemed for a moment as if Mother's hands were crying. Then she said to me, "Cut thick slices of bread."

She spread the thick slices generously with the last of our lard. Indians loved lard on bread.

"It's Christmas, Joe. You must be hungry after your long, cold walk." She offered each the bread.

"Christmas?" mumbled Joe, his mouth full.

"Yes, you know about Christmas."

The muscles shifted the impassive bronze of Joe's face. "For many moons Indians eat only deer and salmon. Then paleface give food and maybe whiskey. That's Christmas," Joe said. His eyes clung to the sweet things Mother had made.

Mother began desperately, "You see, it's the time you share what you have with your neighbor in memory of a little boy named Jesus."

"Papoose?" asked Joe.

"Oh, yes," cried Mother, "just like yours and mine!"

Joe listened while Mother told him about Christmas. "It was about the time when the big fir tree by the river was a tiny seed that the Great Father sent His son as a gift to the world. He was born in a barn, Joe. No riches, no government lands. Nothing. He brought the world its greatest gift—love. Peace and good will between all men—Indians and palefaces, you understand?"

The other Indians shifted nervously, but on Joe's face had dawned some light of understanding.

"What for tree in house?" he asked.

"Oh, the tree and food and presents are just a way of spreading that love on His birthday."

Joe stood for a moment, then stalked to the door. One of the other Indians spoke, "You move heem tonight. We see you do."

Joe banged the door, and Mother shot the bolt. She leaned against the door, her head buried in her arms. We looked out into the moonlight. The Indians had not gone but were perched on the woodpile, holding a pow-wow. Soon a dull chant came to our ears, followed by a heavy fist upon the door. Mother's eyes were black with despair. Her feet dragged as she went to open it.

In the dim light outside Joe seemed to tower like one of the tall trees. I held my breath. Mother's hand was trembling, but her voice was steady as she said, "Yes, Joe?"

"Papoose stay there. Indian and paleface all the same—Christmas," and he turned away.

In the reaction my heart seemed to stop. I heard Mother say softly, "Thank you, God," as she closed the door.

Mother was up building the fires before the first shout of Merry Christmas. The children rushed out together and all saw the little fire engine at once. Dannie read, "A happy Christmas to you all. With Father's love." They shouted for joy. All held the toy and danced around the tree, investigating the treats and surprises. Then they flopped on their stomachs and sent the horses tearing around in such circles as to throw the brave drivers from their seat. They rushed to imaginary fires, quenching them with the filled buckets.

We were having our porridge late when we heard a great stamping of snowy feet outside the door. The boys ran to open it with their headdresses streaming out behind them.

Humptulips Joe stepped in with a friendly, "How" He had a large tin can under one arm, and in the other a dozen golden plover.

"Christmas," he said, "Papoose go merry."

He poured the contents of the can on the table. Cranberries! We clapped our hands at their bright beauty as they hopped over the edge of the table to the floor like merry little Christmas elves. We scrambled for them, shouting with laughter, and Joe's black eyes crinkled closer and closer until he gave a bellow of a laugh. Mother said

(*Continued on Page 188*)

THE EVERLASTING ANSWER TO AN AGELESS PROBLEM

By T. DONALD BLACK, D.D., Executive Secretary, U.P. Board of Foreign Missions

THE American College for Girls' Alumnae Leaders in Cairo were invited to a special morning tea to meet the visiting Board of Foreign Missions' secretary from America. In the spacious living room of the missionary apartment gathered more than a dozen of the finest cultured Egyptian women one could hope to meet. Following their graduation at the junior college level of the school, some had gone to the University; others had studied abroad. Many had traveled to the far reaches of the world. Each came from one of the leading families of Egypt. They described their activities in civic and national affairs for the improvement of the new Egypt. They discussed the American College program for village improvement—an experiment in lifting the level of village life. Every movement for social improvement of Egyptian women during the past century has had a graduate of the American College for Girls influential in it.

The conversation drifted to present world affairs, and someone mentioned a certain woman who was championing women's rights in the non-Christian world. She had just stirred a hornet's nest in Pakistan by bringing into the legislature a bill permitting a first wife to sue for divorce if her husband married a second wife. The wife has no right to sue for divorce, and the very idea is revolutionary. Since I had just recently come from Pakistan where she was front-page news, I found myself in the thick of the discussion. What I did not realize was that two of the women in that group were especially interested because their husbands had each more than one wife. Here they were, cultured, gracious, educated, world-traveled, but caught in this pattern of plural marriages. Nothing could better bring home the fact that education and culture will not solve the problems of this world.

Every corner of the world shows its signs of evil. Whether it be the feminine seclusion of purdah in Pakistan, illiteracy and paganism in the Sudan, prejudice in Egypt, the hunger and disease of India—in every land comes ample sign that Satan is the prince of this world. In Pakistan a woman cooks her chappatis in a smoke-filled mud hut, drinks milk from diseased cows, perhaps, sloshes in the mud of an open drain, draws water from an open community well, fights starvation but cannot avoid malnutrition—is it any wonder she is tubercular? In Ethiopia a primitive native may wear the shoestring neckband of a baptized member of the Orthodox Church, but he visits witch doctors, carries charms, and lives in fear. At first glance the unclothed primitive natives of the Sudan may seem to be so "natural" in their simple life, but quickly the truth comes home that lack of clothing breeds lack of morals. The social diseases run rampant.

We have always maintained that all such difficulties root in the inherent sin of man. Because of man's essential sin the entire social pattern is out of balance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain. Since it is a sign of sin we cannot ignore it. Christ Himself solved the problem of sin. He died for it, and those who become His disciples are saved from it. But before He left the earth He commissioned His disciples to do something about it. "Go . . . and make disciples of all nations." When He gave that commission He said, "And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world (or even unto the end of the age)." Christ knew we are facing an ageless problem, and He has given us an everlasting answer.

This ageless problem actually has two parts. How can we make dis-

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This message was presented by Dr. Black at the closing session of the WGMS Convention at Buffalo, June, 1955. We are grateful for his permission to share it with readers of "Missionary Horizons."

ciples? How can we witness to Christ in such a way that men will be drawn to Him? We who live in a Christian culture can scarcely understand the difficulties of witnessing for Christ until we try to go to a different culture and a hostile atmosphere. It is one thing to talk about preaching the Word in the cosmopolitan city of Cairo or even in the North Sudan, but it is an entirely different thing to go and bear that witness.

In our modern day it is difficult to enter many countries as a missionary. And when one arrives he discovers he is far from being on his own in bearing his witness. Egypt has placed innumerable blocks in the way of Christian witnessing. Hold a street meeting and he will be arrested. Open a clinic and speak of Christ to everyone who comes, peasant and high class alike, and he will have his clinic closed. Open a school and teach the Bible to non-Christian children and he breaks the law. Open an orphanage and he will be permitted to receive only those whose families were already Christian. And if he manages to bear his witness and have someone come to the point of decision, until the convert has reached the legal age of twenty-one he is not permitted to be baptized.

Though Ethiopia is nominally a Christian country, the difficulties seem almost as great there. Because of the Orthodox Church, restrictions are the common lot. In the so-called closed areas where the population is predominantly touched by the ancient Orthodox Church, open evangelism is not permitted. Interestingly enough at Gorei, as we rode along the street on the way to the airport, we saw an Arab trader sitting in the streets surrounded by two or three people to whom he was teaching the Koran. He is allowed as a non-professional to preach his faith and to spread it any way he wishes. But the missionary driving the jeep could only proclaim his faith within the confines of his own compound. Now, one could go to such a post and insist that he was going to witness and preach any way he wished in spite of all. He could ignore the restrictions—and as a result he would lose his visa, be quickly sent back to America. The additional danger would be that the entire Mission might have to be closed and withdrawn.

We must not think only of difficulties. We can expect opposition; we can also expect success. Indeed, Jesus warned that the gates of hell themselves should not prevail against those who are messengers of the Word. The prophet promised that God's Word would not return unto Him void. The Word is still being preached. The witness is still being borne. In Egypt our ministry through schools and hospitals, and in company with the Church, has been steady and vital. In Ethiopia the restrictions are being lifted. People still come to our compound to share in our worship, to receive instructions, for the healing of their bodies, and the Word is given to these. And for this we rejoice and give thanks.

There is still *another* aspect to this ageless problem. We not only proclaim the Gospel to make disciples, but we also try to apply the Gospel and the principles of Jesus Christ to life in such a way that the effects of sin, the evils which have resulted in society, begin to disappear. We not only try to win people to Christ, and to teach them the truths of the Scriptures, but we also try to show them how these truths are applied to their lives to improve their manner and attitude toward life itself.

Again the problem is far from simple. Customs and practices are of centuries of standing. We are there to preach the Good News of salvation from sin. If we begin passing rules and restrictions on the activities of the people, if we combat the customs and practices without a thorough understanding of how they have grown, we will make a serious error. One of the most glaring difficulties is the problem of establishing marriage on what we believe to be a Christian basis. That seems to be a problem of the Church in America.

Is it any wonder we have difficulty in the field? For example, a Christian Sudani was considering taking a second wife. The missionaries began to dissuade him, but his reply was, "Who will grind my corn?" His first wife was now moving along in years. One has only to see a young Shilluk girl take what looks to be a small telephone pole and spend part of an hour pounding it into the hollowed-out piece of a tree stump filled with corn to realize that an older woman could no longer perform such an arduous task. Now the man, faced with a cultural situation in which men do not do that type of work, with a wife who could no longer perform the duty, without funds or housing to care for a servant, was trying to relieve his first wife of a part of the burden by securing another to help with the work. Indeed in many parts of the world the principle of polygamy is accepted by the women as a relief from the many strenuous tasks of daily living. Someone is around to give a hand.

When you realize that marriage is just one in a multitude of these people's problems, you can see that to apply the Gospel to life soon becomes so complicated that those hearing the message cannot discern Christ at the center of the Gospel. Christianity can become a series of laws and rules about what one should do or should not do. This is the very type of religion that Christ came to overcome. The New Testament is filled with the argument that salvation by grace is opposed to salvation by the observance of rules and regulations.

Here then is the world which we face for Christ. It is a world lost in sin. Everyone who is born into this world comes under the domination of sin and evil. The effects of human sin are evident at any point we turn in society. But Christ has given us the everlasting answer. He has told us to go and make disciples. He has promised us that He is with us to the end of the age. We are on Christ's commissioned crusade. We have Christ's constant companionship.

Christ's Commissioned Crusade

In spite of all difficulties and obstacles we are still under the Master's marching orders to go and make disciples. You cannot travel the mission field in our day without realizing that the Church has never met its responsibility. It is little comfort to feel that we are doing as well in our fields as others are in theirs in many cases. The fact remains that not enough people have gone. The problem is still with us. Not enough people are going. The plea for nurses brings the reply, "There are no nurse volunteers." The plea for doctors shows us that the U.P. Church has not produced the medical personnel necessary to staff its fields. At one spot the situation was both tragic and humbling; tragic to find in the far reaches of Western Ethiopia three women manning the station by themselves. One of them was ill and could carry only half a load. Another in charge of a school of over 300 pupils with only partially trained teachers was herself teaching seven hours a day. What sort of supervision could she give? In addition she was carrying part of the administrative load of the entire station. At the hospital which was now without a doctor, a nurse with only one year of field experience (and this period had been spent mostly in language study), suddenly found herself facing surgical cases, performing doctor's tasks, supervising clinics and hospital wards, in some cases seeing patients die simply because she was not a surgeon. Indeed it was a tragedy to find them so overcrowded, to find them helpless before some of the problems and to realize how the Church had let them down in not providing the needed personnel for their station.*

But the experience was also a humbling one, and one which made me swell with a bit of pride for our United Presbyterian missionaries;

*Some of these conditions are changed now.

for these women were staying there, carrying on, struggling against the odds, and facing their daily tasks with a sense of courage and determination. But such things shouldn't happen. It is the task of the United Presbyterian Church to see that the missionaries are provided for the work ahead.

This is a task for everyone in the Church. School after school struggles along without a complete curriculum or overworks those who are present simply because we do not provide the short-termers or career missionaries needed for our work. There is always more work than a missionary can possibly accomplish, but when the struggle is taxing all of the faculties of the personnel and then only bringing the Mission to a minimum operating efficiency, the result is frustration. The struggle just to keep things going is never likely to give a deep sense of satisfaction at great accomplishments.

Therefore the Church, members of the missionary societies, pastors, Sabbath School teachers, youth sponsors, must continue to confront people with their responsibility. In everything we must try to place before our people the call from Jesus Christ. Those whom He has chosen must hear His call and go to make disciples. It is our speaking that may be the means by which Jesus expects to confront some young person with His call.

In this commissioned crusade we share our work with the Church. A century ago there was no church to assist those who went forth under the compulsion of their call. But now in our day and generation there are multitudes of people in each field with whom we must join hands in maintaining this witness. The day has come when the Church will bear its own witness for Christ. All that we do must be for the upbuilding of this Church and bringing it to the place where it will maintain the major witness to the unsaved in its country. We cannot get along without the Church in this day and generation. The fellowship between the Church and the Mission must become so close that what one does the other recognizes as a part of its own work.

The chaplain in one of our hospitals in Egypt makes contacts with people that the Evangelical Church might have little opportunity of reaching. He has almost fifty people reading the New Testament.

The same applies with the school life. If a teacher in a girls' school finds a student ready to accept Christ, she now has a double problem. She must nurture that life and that interest in Christ, help maintain it until the girl is of age, can make her own decision, and register her change in religion with the Government. At the same time the student needs a fellowship where she can begin to learn of Christ. The only possible place for this fellowship is within the Christian Church, and therefore the missionary and the Church, the pastor and the women of the local congregation, must be in such close working fellowship that what the teacher has done is recognized by the Church as its responsibility. Without the Church we are helpless to approach the non-Christian for Christ and have any sort of success.

We thank God for the Church in Egypt, the Church in Ethiopia, the new Church as it comes to life in the Sudan, and the Church in Pakistan. Our labor and effort in the coming century must be to strengthen that Church and enable it to take its full responsibility in Christ's commissioned crusade. To this have we been called in our day and generation. We can only meet this responsibility when we provide an adequate missionary staff to help the Church gain proper training and attitude, a strong spiritual experience, and an unfailing message.

We must not expect the task to be finished too soon. Christ has indicated an ageless problem. And when He has given us this responsibility and sent us on His commissioned crusade He has given us the assurance of victory.

Christ's Constant Companionship

THIS is the promise which Christ has given us: His constant companionship, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the age." We are on Christ's commissioned crusade. We have Christ's constant companionship.

How easy it is to become discouraged. We find that true in our own life, yet we are surrounded by a multitude of people who think as we do, who are engaged in the same task, who can be reached by the telephone for a word of encouragement.

How much more difficult it must be to maintain a mood of assurance, confidence and joy when friends are far away. One thinks of Miss McGeary, Mrs. Pollock, 125 miles over rough mule-trails through Ethiopian forests from the nearest missionary. Whether in an isolated station or in a modern city with other missionaries around, the pressures of our human attitudes and habits are always with us. The irritations which rub other people the wrong way are magnified, the temptations of life are moved in with a strong degree of pressure, and Satan acts with all of his subtle wiles to destroy the witness of the missionary. At times such as these the missionary is upheld by Christ's constant companionship.

Ours is the task of displaying the glory of God. Therefore the presence of Christ is a constant check upon our actions. At times it seems frustrating to realize that we cannot fight fire with fire. So when some non-Christian tells lies about us, pulls some slick political maneuver in the courts, uses the power of government and law to accomplish his end, our first reaction is to try to out-maneuver him. But then we are always faced with the realization that acting as the non-Christian acts is no way to witness to Christ. But the very fact that we do not act that way is a part of our witness. We are showing to the nationals, we are showing to the world, that there is a better way to carry on life.

The difficulty is that it is not always the non-Christian who causes us our trouble. Sometimes it is the Christian headmaster of the school. Sometimes it is one of the teachers. Sometimes it is the nurse working in the ward. We always have to realize that there are varying degrees of Christian development. Not every member of the United Presbyterian Church in America has the devotion and consecration that is to be found in the missionary personality. Need I tell anyone here that the women of the United Presbyterian Church are not ALL completely devoted to the missionary enterprise? In fact the amazing wonder of it is that the foreign missionary enterprise goes along as well as it does when such a minority really gives it wholehearted support. Now when we work abroad it is quite often such a run-of-the-mine Christian who is employed by a mission institution or hospital. These people sometimes display the jealousies, selfishness and antagonisms which reside in the hearts of every man. In a discussion about training the national leaders and giving them more authority, one nurse remarked that any time she gave a certain amount of authority to one of her national nurses the others immediately through their jealousy undercut her work and disrupted the life of the hospital. She was torn with the problem of trying to carry on her work, train the nationals, and still rise above these petty jealousies.

A school teacher rose and explained that the same problem existed in her school. Instead of meeting and discussing these problems, instead of exercising authority and changing positions of her workers, she started meeting them each day for a special period of Bible study and prayer. This was more than the daily opening devotions. This was an extra period. But the teachers came, anxious to learn more of the Word of God. And as they heard the Word of God, and as they prayed, and as they recognized how they had been acting, the problems began to disappear. Thus the constant companionship of Christ,

when we listen to Him, leads us to ways in which He can solve our problems.

Certainly we must recognize that the need for Christ's constant companionship does not exist on the mission field alone. One can talk about jealousies, undercutting, gossiping, and talking behind the back as much in missionary societies, ladies' circles, sessions, trustees, men's clubs, Sabbath School Associations, Sabbath School classes, etc., of the United Presbyterian Church of North Americe as in the Missionary Associations and the Church aboard. And these difficulties are just as fatal to the world enterprise of the Church when they exist in the local church as any place else. How many times has your organization failed to get members, or lost them, simply because you have not been aware of the constant companionship of Christ and the necessity of bearing a witness? How many times has it seemed as though the entire group is going to fall apart over an election of officers? How many times has the thank offering been about half the size it should have been because the missionary society was not reaching out with an open, aggressive program of missionary education to the entire congregation? How many times have young women come up through the Church failing to understand anything about the missionary call, failing to have their lives reached for Christ because the spiritual impact of the women who represented the missionary enterprise was practically nil?

Really, no one can answer these questions. We know that if such things happen once it is once too often. We do know the other side, and we can rejoice at the number of times the spiritual impact was such that a young woman did give her life to the service of Christ. We can rejoice that over a hundred women are now on the field serving. We can rejoice in the multitude of short-termers now staffing our institutions and willingly overworking. We can rejoice at the churches who have responded to the information the women's missionary societies have brought into the fellowship. We can rejoice at the churches that are carrying on an aggressive missionary program, and we realize that with Christ's constant companionship we move forward into greater tasks.

Conclusion

MY trip to the mission field convinced me there are responsibilities we have never met, there are opportunities we have never seized, there are problems we have never solved. The goal of having twenty new women missionaries appointed by 1958 and of having one hundred new missionary families on the field by the same centennial year is a challenge to the Church. Here again we are strengthened with the realization that though the problem is ageless the promise is everlasting. Indeed Jesus is with us even unto the end of the world, and His power is sufficient. He has all authority.

At Bishop Gwynne College in the South Sudan—the school where we join the Anglican Church in training leaders, I attended an unusual worship service. Men come to that college from five or six different language groups to be trained for the ministry. There were six students there with their families during my visit. On Sabbath morning they conducted the family worship service. They sat by tribal groups. The Dinkas would sit in one corner, the Moros get another spot, the Nuers over in this area, the Baros over on still another place, the English and the Americans typically in the back. The English missionary who conducted the service announced a hymn. He said that in English it would be #5, in the Dinka it was #8, in the Baro it was #12. Then he struck the tune and everyone followed the English tune, but everyone sang the words in his own language. Indeed it was a confusion of tongues. But what difference in what language they worshiped? Certainly God must have

been pleased that His people would come together in the fellowship of praise. The sermon was delivered by a young African pastor. Since he had no common language with the other tribal people, he delivered his sermon in English, and in each little tribal group there was a short mumbling following each sentence as the other men translated for their families. It did not make for the quietest service with first a sentence from the pastor, and them a hum and a mumble of translation, but the disturbance in no way affected the effectiveness of that sermon. He preached on the story of the feeding of the five thousand. He pointed out that when Andrew and Philip brought the little boy with the five loaves and two fish they had no idea it would do any good. In fact their reference to him was an indication that what they had was certainly not enough for the task that was before them. But, said the preacher, what they forgot was they were bringing it to Jesus. And when they brought what they had to Jesus it turned out to be enough. Then, turning to the Anglican Bishop, the preacher made reference to the fact that the Bishop had been concerned over his lack of money. It is true that the Anglican Church has had to close missionary stations throughout the world because the economic condition of England has cut down their resources. We have taken over two stations from them in the Sudan. "The Bishop," said the preacher, "is discouraged because he doesn't think he has enough money. But let the Bishop bring his money to Jesus Christ. It will be enough." He turned to the Principal of the College who has been concerned that the six or seven students in the school are not enough to meet the need for Christian leadership in the Sudan. "The Principal," said the preacher, "has been discouraged because there are not enough students. But his six or seven students will be enough if he brings them to Jesus Christ."

And now the secretary of the United Presbyterian Foreign Board has been telling you that we do not have enough. Indeed we do not have the personnel we need. Indeed we do

not have the funds which are necessary. Even if we filled every post now available to us, even if we could put every missionary that the governments permit on the field, it would not be enough to reach the millions who have not heard of Christ. Even then we would not completely solve our ageless problem. But this Jesus has assured us: that we have an everlasting answer. If we enter into our commissioned crusade with all that we have and give it our every effort, and then bring that which we have to Christ and work with His constant companionship, it will be enough.

THE MOFFATS

By Ethel Daniels Hubbard

164 pages Cloth $2.50; Paper $1.25

Another book, twice reprinted since it appeared in 1917. The beautiful story of the Scots couple, Robert and Mary, of his trip alone to Africa, followed later by his sweetheart who became his bride in Africa, of the ferocious Afrikaner, tamed by the Gospel—these and many other experiences make this book an unforgettable masterpiece. Among the many who have been inspired to Christian and missionary living was Livingstone after hearing Dr. Moffat say in London, "I have seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been."

HOUSES NEED REPAIRING

By MRS. CHARLES JORDAN, Akobo, Upper Nile Province, The Sudan

WHEN we moved to Akobo a year ago we were very much pleased with these houses, each of which is a group of tukls joined together by screened breezeways, in which we eat, sleep, and have our living room. The tukls can be closed to rain more effectively, and are therefore used for cooking, clothes storage, and the office and storeroom.

We had spent our first term at Nasir, where we were assigned a lovely house built of steel girders, cement, and asbestos roofing. We enjoyed that house a lot, mainly because it needed little upkeep, except for the annual tar filling in the roof seams. The house had been built on a yard-thick bed of concrete, so there was little or no cracking and settling to contend with as the seasons changed. But we found this native-style house at Akobo more comfortable—it is cooler because it is spread out with lots of ventilation, and the thatch roof seems to be cooler than the asbestos one. And thatch is certainly more interesting to look at if one gets a chance to lie in bed or lounge in the living room!

We hadn't been here long, though, when the rains started, and then the thatched roof wasn't so nice—for it leaked in every room. In some places the water would run down the walls, weakening them and making mud puddles on the floor. A man was called to repair the roof as well as he could, so he climbed on top and had a man throw bundles of grass up to him, as he set them on the ridge and tied them in place, then pounded them down tightly with a hardwood paddle. This jarred loose all the wild life living in the old thatch, spiders, scorpions, and nasty white ants which make tunnels up through the mud walls into the thatch, then continue eating the grass and building endless mud tunnels through it. So of course the furnishings below got a shower of mud whenever the thatcher paddled, or even crawled on the roof.

After he had finished the ridge he undertook to insert small bunches of

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jordan and their three M.K's.

grass into the roof wherever it looked thin, and then he would use his effective little paddle again! We didn't mind too much at first, for we knew it was for our benefit he was doing all this, but one afternoon we left him working on the roof of the sitting veranda and we went off innocently for our afternoon naps. Then Helpful Henry decided to do the kitchen roof. When I went out there later there were two pans of milk, a pan of prunes, and I forget what else, full of second-hand ant mud out of the roof! We had to threaten to make him clean up the inside of the house if he didn't stop skipping around and giving yesterday's work a couple more licks for good measure!

Then in a few months we were assigned another house here at Akobo,

and the joyful news was that its whole roof had to come off and be re-designed, re-set and re-thatched. So while we were on vacation the Arnolds, who were living here then, tore off part of the roof and got most of that section re-set. Then Paul Arnold got sick and so did Verne Sikkema, the only two men here at the time, so the roof sat waiting until they recovered and could continue with it. As we flew over the mission on our way home from vacation, we saw the house—a big yawning cavity. As we landed we heard we had just two weeks to get the roof on and move in before Hoekstras would want the other house. A week after that we were expecting to have to feed 86 delegates to our annual Association meeting right here in this house.

The Nuer thatchers were promised extra bonus if they did their work by a certain time, but these people can not be hurried, so when the Hoekstras were due back we just had to move up here as the house was—minus a good bit of the roof. The kitchen was finished, even to the mud-filling between the walls and thatch, so we could settle in there all right. The dining veranda was thatched all but the ridge, but this time when they worked up there no mud fell down, only clean grass and chaff. The sitting veranda was still open to the sun and sky by day; bugs, bats, and thieves by night. However, it was closed and ridged and mudded just a few days before guests started arriving for Association. I finished sweeping up the chaff the morning the first people came.

It took a long time to kill the bats because they can come in a very small hole, but of course can't find their way out again. If you had been here you would have been handed a tennis racket or board with nails in the end, and you could have helped us kill the bats. We would swing at them as they swooped through the house. The record kill was thirty-five in one evening. As soon as the mudding was done the bats couldn't get in, and they were soon all killed.

This was back in February, and after Association the men turned their talents to building school dorms, teachers' and workers' houses, and other outbuildings, and only this morning, May 25, has the carpenter been free to come to finish this house. The rains will soon come, bringing the dreaded mosquito, so we are concentrating on getting the screens fixed up and the doors tightly fitted. When this pounding is all done we will have a native woman come and mud up the cracks in the walls where the building has settled since the last rains, and she will repair nicks and gouges in the walls which occurred as the roof was being rebuilt. Then when the mudding is dry we can have the house whitewashed all over the inside, and that will be the end of repairs for this season. We won't have to have the house torn up again until next spring, when we will have to go through most of this interesting rigmarole again! HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, TOO!

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD

Mission Travelogue

CAMPING OUT AT AKOBO

By MRS. MARION FAIRMAN, Oxford, Ohio

A gusty hot wind blows part of each night and most of the day at Akobo during the dry season, a wind which made me feel like a prune. Toward evening it quits abruptly and all of nature takes on an awesome quietness. I sat outside the tent which was ours for the Upper Nile Association meeting at Akobo. Across the Pibor River, the Anuaks herded the cattle into the dry-weather camp. One by one the mosquito fires burned against the evening sky; the smoke hung motionless above the fields. A tall black man with Anuak tribal marks scattered all over his face and body walked slowly along the river bank below me, spear in hand, watching the water for fish. A young girl stooped gracefully to the river and swayed off a moment later toward a grass hut, the water pot on her head.

Down toward the bend of the river Chuck Jordan pulled the motor boat further up on the bank as the late afternoon swimmers dragged reluctantly out of the cool water into the evening heat. The first afternoon at Akobo I stuck my toe gingerly into the river remembering how many crocodiles had been shot here.

While I lingered, the kids of the mission rushed past me to splash fearlessly in the water. I finally decided that if their parents felt they could swim and still live to grow up in the Sudan I could chance it too, and plunged in. The river is loaded with fish and one spray of water after another dazzled in the sunshine as jumping ones broke the surface. The first time a fish nibbled at my toes I shot for the shore. Soon though, I ventured further out swimming almost across the river.

Our water sports climaxed in a thrilling way when Chuck Jordan produced his homemade aquaplane, fastening it with a fifteen-yard rope to his motorboat. I hung back, coward that I am, while Marian Farquhar rode it and then my husband Ed. When I decided those two had scared all the crocs away for miles and miles I tried it for the first time in my life. Chuck said to put my feet up past the middle of the board but since that didn't look right to me, I moved toward the back. When the boat roared away, I straightened up with difficulty, the board bucking like a bronco because I was off bal-

The river front at Akobo. Thatched-roof tukls in the background.

ance. That lasted only about two minutes because it threw me, up and off into the Pibor. As the waters closed over my head, I hoped fervently that my calculations about the crocodiles had been correct! After what seemed to be hours but was only seconds the boat putted back to get me and I tried it again. This time I did it right and we whizzed up and down the river circling widely at the end of each mile stretch. I wish that all the people who think missionaries don't have much fun could have been with me that afternoon.

Out of the Jordan house stepped a woman shaking a towel who gazed a moment down the river before going back in. All eighty members of the Association, of whom more than half were children, ate in the Jordan home for the eleven days of the Annual meeting. Feeding that many people three times a day would not be easy anywhere, but in the Sudan it taxed American ingenuity to the full. For breakfast we had red dura, ground and cooked like oatmeal which Lowrie Anderson disrespectfully called "Pibor mud" but we ate it anyway. For meat we had beef from the mission herd, tiang shot just down the road and an old pig that provided one good pork meal. One boy boiled water in huge barrels all day long so we might have good water to drink.

A tall, well-built Nuer strode through the grass at the high edge of the river singing to himself; probably a song about his beloved cows. His tribal marks were vivid, gashed in six bone-deep streaks across his forehead. He wore them proudly, aggressively glad to advertise he belonged to the Nuer tribe. I felt my own smooth skin, wondering where were the "marks of the Lord Jesus Christ" to whom I professed belonging. The Anuak cast sidelong glances up at the Nuer until he was well past because there is no love lost betwen the pushing Nuer and the more docile Anuak.

Because the river is full of fish, the birds swarm around it. The pelican, that "funny bird whose bill holds more than his belly-can," swooped low over the water looking for his dinner. Only this morning I counted fifty pelicans swimming around on the river below our tent. A maribou stork stood erect in the field quite near me taking a few stiff steps one way and then another, his wings folded back, his head bent, looking like a banker about to call a very important meeting of the board of directors. The Anuak lurched forward, stabbed into the water and pulled up a flopping black fish, like our catfish but larger. He grinned up at me like any proud "Izaak Walton" across the world, hooking it to a long stick which he will carry across his shoulder when he goes.

Flashlights bobbed in the near darkness as members gathered in the Chapel of Hope for the evening session of the Association. This part of our work in the South Sudan has expanded so rapidly in the last few years that the Mission has "growing pains," hurtful but normal. Like any Presbyterian-type meeting, opinions differ vigorously and are freely expressed. The members of the mission are young, full of the vitality of youth and prey to some of its brashness. It is a moving thing to listen, watching the grace of God fall upon these people, molding them into one unit with one spirit. The meetings will be over in a few days and they will separate, strengthened not only by common decisions but fed by the love and devotion of one another in Christ.

Drums beat up at the next village and the sound of chanting will soon be drifting down the river. Since the first night, we haven't bothered moving our cots inside the tent. We go to bed under the stars, secure in our nets, listening to the fish slapping, the drums beating, the men chanting, until we fall asleep.

Darkness falls quickly; a river dampness crept up the bank. I sat on for a moment, savoring that which comes so rarely, the sense of the beauty of life itself and of oneness with God.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF KOREA

By REV. JAMES P. CLAYPOOL, Representative of Lutheran World Relief on the Staff of Korea Church World Service

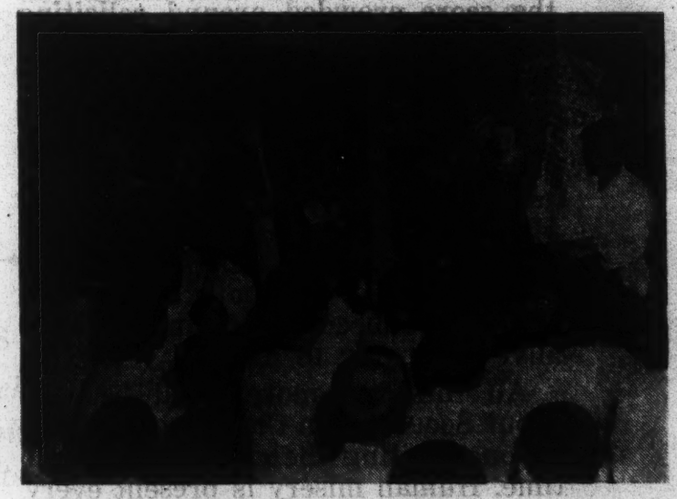
WHAT would it be like? Everybody who talked to me about my plans to come to Korea had a definite opinion. Almost all the G.I.'s who had been there were unanimous in condemning the country as the most filthy and rotten place on earth. I had been briefed to expect destruction, poverty, dirt, disease, and indescribable odors. Now I would soon know, for the plane from Tokyo dropped from above the clouds to land at the Seoul air field. The dismal February day did little to brighten the occasion of my arriving in suffering Korea. The air field was simply that, a flat place near the Han river with little in the way of facilities for servicing planes. Customs inspection was half amusing and half irritating, to be endured and forgotten.

The trip into the capital city of Seoul with Mr. James Atkinson, staff member of Korea Church World Service provided by the World Council of Churches, was an abrupt and shocking entrance into a nightmare left by war. The route led past bridges over the Han which still were twisted girders and huge gaps where bombs had reached their mark. Craters caused by artillery shells and bombs still marked the sand flats along the river. Twisting lines of pipe followed the roadway, with bombed sections lying discarded nearby. Barbed wire seemed to be tangled everywhere.

The city itself was equally unbelievable. Dirt, smoke, mud, darkness, wreckage, foul odors, open sewers, and hordes of people all crowded in on my consciousness in a confused awareness. It couldn't be but here it was. The skeletons of buildings, with windows innocent of glass, stood throughout the city, often with wide expanses of rubble and vacant areas about them. Rubble and wreckage lay in heaps. The capital building, beautiful in design and only slightly damaged by war, was deteriorating because lack of repair permitted the elements to damage it.

Traffic moved painfully, bouncing and jolting over the wretched streets. The paving was broken and filled with huge ruts and holes. Vehicles followed a snake-like path attempting to avoid the largest holes and bumps. Auto horns sounded constantly. Mammoth military trucks mingled with tiny three-wheeled Japanese-made trucks, jeeps, and a ragged assortment of ancient, hybrid automobiles and taxis, bicycles and push-carts, ox-carts and horse-carts, men carrying merchandise and household effects on A-frames, creating a moving noisy, confused current through the streets.

People live in every possible type of shelter. Many families crowd into a single dwelling, making for a hazardous health problem. Refugees continue to exist, they can hardly be said to be living, in every available shack, leanto, tent or cave. Building materials for refugee homes include hammered-out beer tins, scrap lumber,



A church service several years ago in a refugee camp, Korea

This article is by courtesy of "News Bureau of National Lutheran Council Bulletin, June, 1955.

bits of canvas, packing cases, mud bricks, tar paper, and often roofing of grass. Survival in the severe Korean winter becomes a serious struggle for existence under such housing conditions. Crude shelters under large bridges and up against large buildings are often seen.

The scars of war are visible, not only on the landscape and on the wrecked office buildings and factories, but on the walls of every brick and stone building still standing. Pock-marks caused by small arms fire, and larger scars left by artillery and bomb-fragments make some of the buildings appear as though they had come through a serious siege of smallpox. In some instances the tall chimney and one or two walls of a factory are the only reminders of a busy activity in the days before the war. The outskirts of the city along the railway once was a thriving industrial area, but now there are only the roofless and windowless shells of factories. Weeds have grown within the walls. Wreckage of machinery lies in rusting heaps.

The physical appearance of Seoul was deeply shocking. But even more disturbing was the appearance and condition of the people. Crowds thronged the streets in the cold, wet weather. Sidewalk stands selling everything from shoe-strings to expensive cameras lined many of the streets for blocks. Shoeshine boys by the score crowded around soliciting business, and they are aggressive business men. Beggars, sometimes including entire families, slowly made their way from person to person and door to door. They were clothed in rags that were utterly filthy and black. The hair of the beggars was long and unkempt. Bands of beggar boys appeared in groups of a dozen upwards, collectively trying to keep alive from day to day.

All this and more could be said about Seoul late in the winter of 1955 by one visiting the city for the first time. Human misery is present every day and takes many forms. Disease plagues the people. Tuberculosis in Korea is a dread enemy, with an infection rate twenty times as great as in the United States. Lepers are seen in every city, and one survey indicates that there are at least 150,000 lepers in the country, with little being done at the moment to curb the problem. Other diseases weaken the population and make life even more of a problem.

I was sent to Korea by Lutheran World Relief, Inc., to work with Korea Church World Service in bringing relief supplies and services to the Korean people. If ever there was any doubt about the needs they vanished the moment I saw Seoul. There is a great need for the sympathetic support of Christians in America and other richer countries. The hundreds of thousands of war widows and the even larger number of orphans alone are a problem challenging our conscience. And there are many, many more acute problems of human suffering. Supplies from all churches that support Church World Service, will be needed for a considerable period of time.

It was difficult to sleep the first few nights in Korea, not because of discomfort but because of the recurring visions of people and places I saw during the day. It should not be, but there it was—the price of war being paid out of the lives of people for years to come. The children raised the greatest questions, the homeless, the orphans, the tubercular, the illiterate and all the rest; the dirty, ragged children who smiled in spite of it all. To these "belong the Kingdom of God."

To enter Korea is to experience shock, physical, psychological and spiritual. This is true even though forewarning has been received and the individual attempts to steel himself for what is to come. But the edge is taken off when one comes into such a place of suffering and need if the coming is to bring God's love and gifts of those who know God's love. For the love and power of God and His Church can bring new lives to people who have lived through the death of war.

One of My Most Unforgettable Characters

By MRS. J. W. ACHESON, New Wilmington, Pa., Retired Missionary, Egypt

WHEN we first arrived in Eygpt, we lived in Assiut. There we made many friends in the College and in the city, that have meant much to us during the years. One lady whom we met, and learned to love and respect was Mrs. Gindi Bishai or Sitt Philomena as her friends knew her best. When we moved to Cairo we were delighted to have her daughter, Mrs. Gindi Yunan as our neighbor. To her many friends she was known as Sitt Zaheya Gindi.

While we lived in Abbassia at the Fowler Home we were neighbors and friends for some years. Later, both of us moved to other parts of the city but our friendship grew stronger as the years passed. During the years in Abbassia we were responsible for five meeting places and it was my privilege to help in the work among the women and children.

Madame Zaheya was very helpful and would go with me to the various places. Some were difficult to reach by tram and often we walked. She would help organize the various meetings and lead them to show how they should be carried on properly. She knew what instruction women needed and gave it to them. She had ideals of what a Christian woman should do in the home, the church and the community. She also had ideals of what the church should do for its members and talked to pastors, elders and evangelists.

During the latter years, I knew her best as a member of the Advisory Committee of the Girls' College and of the Theological Seminary. Whenever she was able, she would be present at the meeting and her suggestions were valuable. She loved the Seminary and its work and students. Once she said, "This institution is the heart of the church." Then she made some suggestions about what the students should be taught both as to studies and as to life in village or city. They represent the church wherever they may be and nothing was too fine since Christ was the Head of the Church. She told us what the church training had done for her and other women and girls. She quoted from her address given at the 75th anniversary a few years ago. In the committee for the Seminary no detail of kitchen or dining room escaped her attention. Sometimes when preparing for a tea we would stay for lunch with students. She would bring some delicious home cooked food for all of us. Her wit and wisdom gave us pleasure.

She will be remembered by many people in all walks of life. Her simplicity and her greatness, her gentleness and dignity, her love for all that was highest and best was a lesson to everyone. She gave of her time, of her means and of her talents to all with whom she came in contact. Our lives are richer because she was our friend and because she was first of all a friend of Her Heavenly Father. We thank God for every remembrance of her."

WHAT IS FAITH?

Faith is the flickering candle
Lighting the mind's dim room,
Piercing with its rays of hope
The outer gloom.

—Marion Lee

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS are usually considered "special." Sometimes the atmosphere of Christmas inspires the attendance of guests not usually present. What theme could be more Christmas-appropriate than "The Road of the Loving Heart" for did not the first Christmas usher in the greatest loving-heart Road that the world has ever known?

Page 132, also the cover picture, and data about The Blue Madonna at the bottom of this page, may offer suggestions for the Leader's Introduction to this final program on our 1955 theme.

The Christ whose birth we honor set *The Whole World Singing;* without Him there would be no *Christian World Mission in Our Day;* every true *Christmas Story* is inspired by the vicarious life and sacrifice of Him who said, "Go ye into all the world . . . make disciples of all nations."

The italicized words are our three topics. They are Christmasy, and also missionary. They offer variety, with suggested starting-point articles in this Magazine, however much supplementary material is at hand.

With the Worship service suggested, p. 131, may be a simple yet effective Christmas worship center—perhaps lighted candles, the open Bible, or a picture of Christ.

Topic 1 may be incorporated into an extended Worship service by singing the three songs used as titles by Miss Roy, Miss McCreery, Miss Day? Why not use as solo, or group-singing, the Eastern Carol, p. 133?

Topic 2 grows naturally out of Christian Christmas thinking, for without a Christian World Mission in Our Day, of what value would the birth of Christ be to us? If time permits, many serious thoughts may be gleaned from the book listed in footnote, p. 138. Today's Christian literature is full of this theme, and the leader who plans early will note many related thoughts here and there for jotting down against the day of her program. Dr. T. Donald Black's article, p. 144, pinpoints the World Mission to our U.P. fields. Inasmuch as consecrated *people* must be co-workers with God in the Christian World Mission, sing once more the theme song, p. 4 of 1955 *Program Calendar*, and quote the theme poem, p. 3.

Some may wish an open discussion on "The Christmas Spirit" inspired by p. 129, meditatively considering whether this is *our* interpretation of the Christmas Spirit.

Questions on the life of Christ, such as those on p. 130, could focus Christmas attention on God's great Christmas gift to the world (Quote John 3:16 together).

Since everybody loves a story, topic 3 as the climax, might well be entrusted to the best story-teller of the group. After careful selection, the story, p. 140, *Papoose Go Merry*, seemed the appropriate one to print this year. In telling it, the story-teller might enlist the help of others for several shadow pictures, pantomimes, or tableaux, interspersed during the telling—scenes such as Father saying goodbye to Mother and Donna opening the gifts-that-weren't-there; one scene with the children . . .

If you prefer to ask that all read this story from the Magazine at home with the family as part of their Christmas plans, then you will want to select another story —Classics, old and new, such as Van Dyke's *Other Wise Men* or *The Lost Word*, Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, Wiggin's *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, etc.

STORY OF THE BLUE MADONNA

When the story of Jesus becomes at home in another land all kinds of things begin to happen.

A few years ago a third-generation Indian Christian was a struggling art student in Lucknow. A friendly woman from a nearby mission discovered his talent and introduced him to the editor of India's *Christian Home Magazine*, who had at her disposal some World Day of Prayer funds with which to buy materials for her periodical. Editor Bryce found that a scholarship would release artist Frank Wesley from self-help work so he could paint for *Christian Home*.

Wesley was devoted to the Jesus of Gospels personally and as an artist. He has a genius for putting the spirit and attractiveness of Jesus into his pictures. They were an immediate success in *Christian Home* and other periodicals of the Christian Council in India.

When Frank Wesley's missionary friend was returning to America on furlough, he presented to her a beautiful Madonna. It is one of the few originals that Wesley has allowed out of his own possession. He is assembling a series of paintings portraying the life and teachings of Jesus for his own people of India. The attractiveness of the Blue Madonna original when it turned up this year in the office of the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature led to its release in the United States as a Christmas card. Friends of India and the Christian literacy movement may order them from Room 118, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Boxes of 100 cards with envelopes cost $10.00. All the proceeds above actual cost go to the work of the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature.

—*Alfred D. Moore*, Consultant

A SOLILOQUY

By MRS. WILLIAM S. HOUSTON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The audience sings "O Come, All Ye Faithful." One representing Mary, holding a baby (may be doll) sits at front and soliloquizes. Soft music while she speaks. Soloist sings the three songs indicated.

MY heart rejoiceth for all is well, my son. We are back in my beloved Nazareth, here to stay for always, I hope. We weren't gone very long, but so much has happened that it seems ages since that day the angel of the Lord appeared unto me. I remember I was bewildered and a little frightened, but the angel calmed my fears and foretold your birth, little one. He even told me that you should be called Jesus, and so thou art. I could hardly believe him, but I went to visit my cousin Elizabeth and she strengthened my faith and belief.

Then came the day when my husband, Joseph, and I had to go to Judea unto Bethlehem to be taxed. It was a slow and tedious journey for I could not travel fast. It was nightfall when we reached the town. We went to the inn but the innkeeper had no room because many others had journeyed there for the same reason as we. The poor man was regretful though when he noticed how tired and weary I was. Finally, in an apologetic voice he told us we might use an empty stall in the stable.

We were too tired to hunt for some other place. The stable smelled sweet with hay and the murmuring of the animals was like a lullaby. So it was there that thou wast born, and thy first cradle was a manger filled with fragrant hay.

(*Soloist sings "Silent Night"*)

Joseph and I are humble people yet many came from far and near to worship the long-awaited King, the Son of God. First came the shepherds. What a wondrous tale they had to tell! There they were, watching over their flocks by night. An angel appeared unto them just as he had done to me, and they too were afraid, but he assured, saying, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

He even told them to hunt for a babe in a manger, and then a multitude of angels appeared singing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

(*Soloist sings "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"*)

Oh, how I would have loved to hear such heavenly singing! It must have been inspiring.

Then came three rich and wise men. How gorgeous were their robes! What wonderful gifts they brought! They, too, had come to worship. I felt so humble and yet so proud! They told the amazing story of how they had seen a bright and dazzling star in the East, and had gone to Herod, inquiring where the new King was, that they might worship Him. Herod questioned them. Then, falsely, he told them to find this newborn king so that he might come and worship too. He is a crafty one, but God Thy Father sees into all our hearts. He sees both the evil and the good. He saw the evil in Herod's heart, so He appeared unto these wise men and cautioned them to keep Thy birthplace a secret.

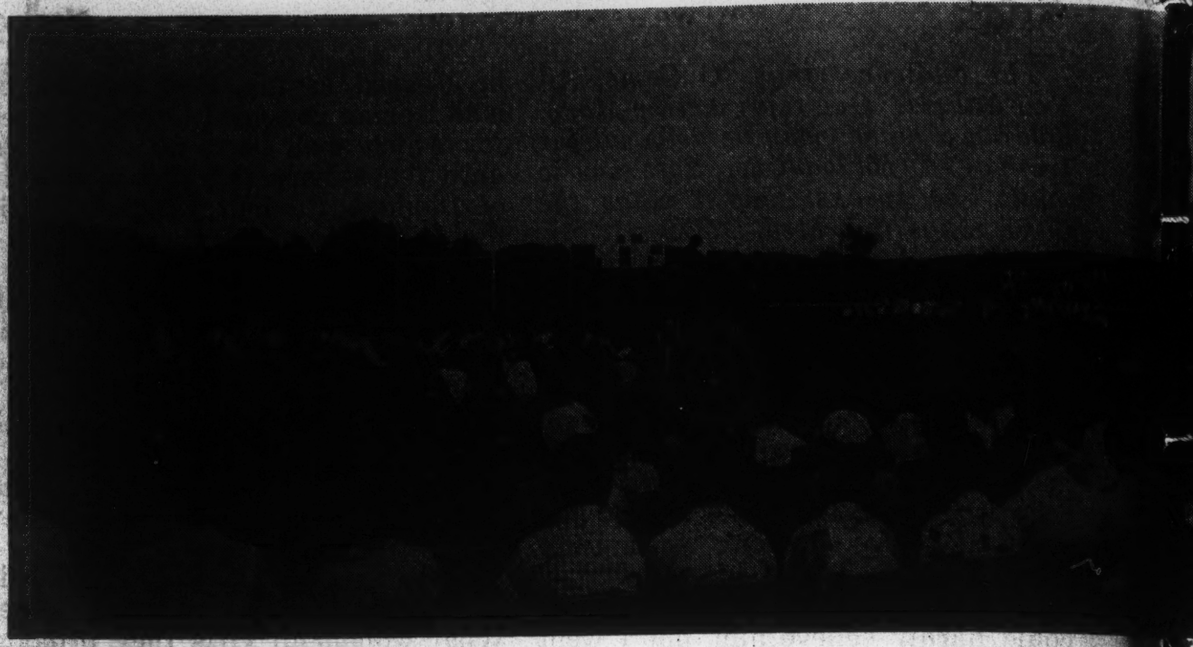
(*Soloist sings "We Three Kings"*)

Then we had to flee to Egypt for Herod had sent out a cruel decree. But Joseph was warned in a dream just in time. When the time had come that we were safe, we returned to Nazareth.

My prayer, today, is that watchful care may be given to all mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, on through the ages. Keep them safe as Thou hast done to us, thy humble servants. Send a star to guide them, angels to calm them, and a heavenly host to sing joyous music unto them.

(*All sing "Joy to the World"*)

SUMMER CONFERENCES



The Sabbath evening mass meeting of the 1955 New Wilmington Missionary Conference ... Jubilee celebration of the Conference. At the moment this picture was taken, David Birch ... Reverend Ernest Campbell, daily Institute Hour speaker, on the theme "God in the Pr..."

IN THIS SEASON of falling leaves, any reference to Summer Conferences and Training Institutes may seem uselessly out of season. Why not dwell on the charms of indoor fireplace activities? Thanksgiving, Christmas, the New Year, Easter, and a multitude of special-emphasis days and seasons stretch between now and the time to even think about next summer's conferences!

However, there is another angle to consider. It is only by setting goals and working toward them that they are reached. In considering the selection of Christmas gifts for others, or what to do with gift money that may perchance find its way to you, have you ever thought of setting aside a fund for next summer's conferences or work camps? Such a gift, according to the testimony of one pair of parents much interested in the spiritual growth of their high school lad and college girl, has made them rejoice through the years, for it was at the conference for which these parents had dedicated Christmas gifts, that each child found life values that made all the difference in the world in their futures.

United Presbyterians have a wide variety of conferences from which to choose for next summer's vacation-with-a-purpose. There are special-age, nation-wide meetings, such as the unique New Wilmington Missionary Conference, the National Youth Fellowship Convention, the meeting of UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MEN, the WGMS National Convention. It is not too early to make registration plans.

FOR THE FOREIGN MISSION ...

The Reverend Ed Fairman family, form... foreign mission fields of the United Pres... month of their time abroad was spent in ... the Nile Work Camp, the 1954-55 Special ... periences have appeared from time to time ... *Union Herald* and *Missionary Horizons.*

Having but recently returned to the Uni... Missions to spend the next six months spea... of the denomination they saw firsthand.

Any church or organization within the ch... their year's program is asked to contact M...

ND TRAINING INSTITUTES

Photograph, Courtesy of Al Ackenbell

e crowd which overflowed the stadium at Westminster College. The occasion was the Golden choir behind him, was directing the song service. The special Jubilee address was given by the ."

Most of our Synods offer a varied type of Christian "Apart Places." Some feature family weeks, and various youth-group weeks which extend even down to the Junior age.

Some Presbyterials have their own camp or conference grounds, and like the birds, periodically return to a choice site for a limited time.

Even congregations have retreats and leadership planning conferences.

Interdenominational institutes emphasizing missions and Christian education are numerous, not only in summer, but throughout the year. Even this month women from all over the United States and speakers from far ends of earth are meeting in Cleveland for the Seventh National Assembly of United Church Women, listening to lectures and taking part in consultation and discussion groups and in the Bible Hour on the study of Ephesians—all on the general theme, "The Working of His Power—Within Us, Among Us and Through Us."

After attending Conferences and Training Institutes—then what? What happens to that notebook of outlines and jottings? Are they vibrantly warm with meaning and inspiration—or can you scarcely read them now? How much have you shared them with others? Making definite use of them might be your greatest Christmas gift to your church and its organizations.

Needless to say, conferences involve expenses, and most people (the ordinary, common folk, at least), need to plan ahead financially. *Now* is not too early to make plans for next summer's purposeful vacation!

ION OF YOUR CONGREGATION

Oxford, Ohio, congregation, have been in the rch for the past fifteen months. The closing Mr. Fairman was the American Director of e U.P. Youth Fellowship. Some of their exicles in the *United Presbyterian*, the *Christian*

ney have been asked by the Board of Foreign out the church on behalf of the mission work

this mission emphasis and message to enrich irectly. His address is R. R. 3, Oxford, Ohio.

NEWS FROM AFAR

The North Sudan

MRS. LEANDER FINLEY, Associate Editor, Omdurman, The Sudan

SUDAN SCHOOL SKETCHES

Here in the Boys' Boarding School in Omdurman we have had an interesting group of little boys. The fifty boarding students are divided into four age-groups for the evening prayers, and the fifteen youngest are known as the "little boys." The smallest of these still wear bibs at meals, have more milk in their tea, go to bed at an earlier hour, and have smaller work assignments. These fifteen little fellows who gather with me at prayer time range in school-age from the kindergarten through the third grade. Only three come from Muslim homes; the rest have a more or less Christian background.

Several of these boys came here from broken homes. Abdullahi, somewhat older than a third grader, never had attended school regularly. Both of his parents had died of leprosy and he was befriended by a kind-hearted hospital orderly in Gedaref where he was allowed to live in the government hospital. Our missionary in Gedaref persuaded us to take him. In two years he has developed from a sad, quiet boy into an obedient, happy, and responsible member of the boarding-school family.

One of the brightest and most eager little chaps is Burhanni, an Ethiopian. His father is a laborer on the railroad. His mother, who is now dead, left his father to marry a Muslim taking Burhanni's little sister with her. We missed Burhanni from our prayer group for some time since he first had the mumps and then was hospitalized when he developed measles.

Samweel is about the happiest and most cheerful appearing boy in the school, and yet his father left home to marry a Muslim leaving the mother unable to support the children.

Daniel and Zaki came from a similar situation. Their family of seven children was deserted by their mother who married again into the Muslim faith. When Daniel arrived he had very bad trachoma and seemed to cringe every time he was spoken to because of his bad treatment at home. For a long time he kept himself withdrawn from the others and refused to take his turn in prayers. Now he mixes well and is quite responsible about his work. Boys like these are supported by the gifts from you American friends since their families cannot possibly pay for their clothes and their fees.

Scout troop of the Boys' School on parade for Parents' Day

Mrs. Meloy and the little boys' prayer group

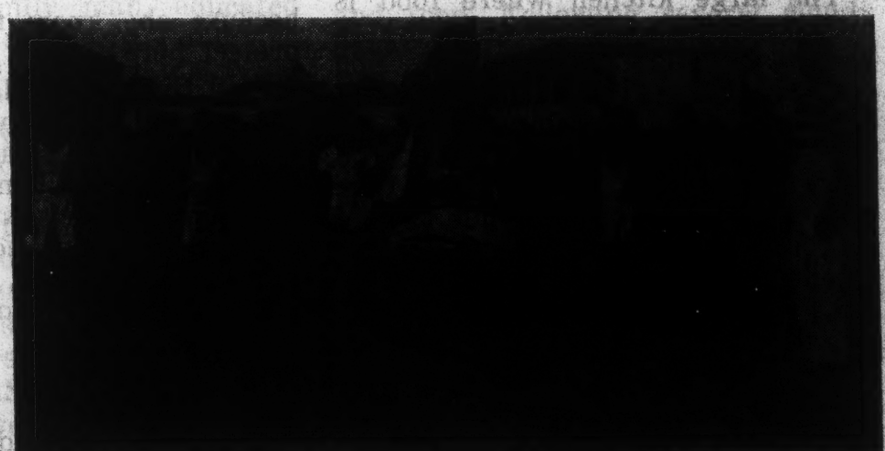
Not all the boys, however, come from such sordid and sad homes. Little William's parents who live in the far South Sudan were so anxious to see their boy after about nine months' separation that they had him leave school about ten days before the term had finished. John's father, also a Southerner and member of Parliament, wanted John to be in a Christian school, so he brought him to join his older brother Churchill. (Their real tribal names are quite unpronounceable.) Since John had been in a government school for a year before coming here he was called Seif Ad Deen (Sword of Religion). After it was explained to him that he should have a Christian name in a Christian school, he chose "John." He is a real boy, disliking work and getting into mischief quite often.

Our newest addition is Sammy, the first of the boys from the newly organized Children's Home in Khartoum North to attend school here. Sammy, who is in kindergarten, knows some English since he has lived at the mission at Khartoum North from his babyhood.

All the boys live happily together here for nine months of the year. They study, work, play and fight at times just like normal boys anywhere. Their favorite sport is soccer, *not* baseball, and they have great fun in the evenings playing cops and robbers or hide-and-seek.

Would you please pray for these little boys that they may grow up learning of Jesus and His Way of Life and that as they become older they might accept Him as their Savior, becoming the future Christian leaders of the Sudan.

Mrs. Robert Meloy, Boy's Boarding and Day School, Omdurman



School boys practicing for Parents' Day

Egypt

MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Associate Editor, Assiut, Egypt

A LETTER

Tanta Hospital
Tanta, Egypt

Dear Jane:

Since you haven't heard from me for so long I must explain that I am now a patient in Tanta Hospital. Jaundice keeps one down for a long time so I have been here for five weeks but go home tomorrow. But before I leave I must tell you all about the place that has been "home" to me for so long and as a nurse, I know you will be interested.

Jane, I do wish you could see this place. The new hospital is everything one could ask for, with modern equipment, nice bright rooms, offices, waiting rooms and in general, is a place to be proud of. The old hospital is still in use and altogether the hospital can accommodate 200 patients. You will be shocked to hear that there are only 19 nurses to care for that number of people. The night nurse on duty for 12 hours on the floor where I am has 34 patients to care for and in addition about 20 children and at present six newborn babies. It is the night nurse's duty to bathe the babies in addition to her other duties and sometimes I hear several bells ringing at once. She cannot possibly be five places at once but patients seem to think she can!

The large kitchen where food is prepared for all patients and workers has an Egyptian girl in charge. She does an amazingly good job but has had no special training and needs help desperately. Miss Tedford, the superintendent of nurses, must take time out of her busy schedule to help in the serving of special diets and recently when Miss Bahga had a four-day vacation, Miss Tedford had to do this almost entirely alone. The need is so great for additional nurses and especially for a dietitian. There is only one mission doctor too with some Egyptian doctors to help. They urgently need help *and now.*

Not far from my room is the lovely airy children's ward. There are about 25 children and some of them very seriously ill. Tuberculosis of the spine is one of the most common ailments and some of the children are encased in casts from the tops of their heads to their legs. Malnutrition is common and there are always several tiny children and babies who look as if they hadn't the energy to hold up their heads and that is often literally true. Can you imagine a two-year-old child weighing only nine pounds? Parents bring in the tiny babies dressed in filthy rags, their heads full of lice and often more dead than alive. But a few weeks or months in this hospital make a great change in their lives so that often they do not want to go home even after they are well and healthy. Quite often a child who got a poor start in life like this won't walk until three or four years old.

Right now there is a sweet six-year-old girl who has been here for two weeks. She has been frightened of the boys and would scream when one came near her. She confessed to the nurse that her father tied her hands with rope when she played with boys. Just today she sat down beside a little boy at the table and told the nurse that she wasn't afraid anymore because she knew the nurse would protect her!

And there is Huda, the twin, who is well now after several months but her parents don't care enough about her to take her home. She and her twin brother were starving to death when brought in and when well, the boy was taken home, but nobody cares about a little girl so she was left.

The hospital has a hospital chaplain, Mr. Pollock, and two native Bible workers. But I have been tremendously impressed with the Chris-

tian witness that the nurses bear as they move among us patients with such sweet spirits and even though overburdened with work, each one always has time to smile and do one more thing to make you comfortable. I cannot help feeling that the Muslim patients, many of them doubtful when they arrive, must go home feeling that these Christians have "something" which they would like to know more about.

If only some more young people at home would hear the call! Won't you give it prayerful consideration yourself, Jane. You would find three years as a short-term nurse in Tanta Hospital (or Assiut Hospital) a most rewarding experience in every way. Do tell your friends about the need too, and most of all, remember Tanta Hospital and all of our work here in Egypt in your prayers that we might all be witnessing for Him in the way He wants us to. We need your interest and prayers and we need YOU too.

With love,
Mary Louise Lorimer

Upper Nile Mission

MRS. ALEXANDER C. WILSON, Associate Editor, Malakal, Upper Nile Mission

TRIBAL BARRIERS BREAKING

Not long ago (March, 1955), eight Anuak men and I drove to Pibor, 85 miles away, and built a house for a Murli. Such a thing had never been done before! Why should the superior" Anuak stoop to help a lowly Murli? Had these eight men been the regular run-of-the-mill Anuaks, (ordinary selfish human beings) this would never have happened. But God's Spirit of brotherly love is known to them and when hearing the need for a home to be built for Evangelist Lado they responded with enthusiasm. The thought expressed by these men was, "Lado is our brother in Christ. Let's go to help him get started by building his house. It'll take a group of us only a few days while if he has to do it alone it will take over a month."

Lado is a family man, educated through four years of school and was brought to the Lord over ten years ago through the witness of a Christian British official. He has been a government clerk and interpreter for many years as well as an active Christian, reading and teaching God's Word to those about him. He is highly respected by his own people. When the doors to missionary work were opened two years ago, Dr. Al Roode and Rev. Robert Swart went to Pibor from Akobo. Even then it was the hope of each of those men that Lado would come and work hand-in-hand with them in leading the Murlis to Christ. After the initial time of building and settling in, Bob invited Lado to work with him. At first Lado was reluctant to do so and Bob wondered if it would not be better for him to continue his Christian witness in the government post. However, last February the two met again at Boma, 150 miles southeast of Pibor where Lado has been working, and Lado said he knew this invitation was God's call to him to work full time telling his people the Good News of Jesus Christ.

The idea to have a group of Anuak Christians help build Lado's house at Pibor was quietly sown by Bob and me but it was one particular elder, Alero, who did all the pushing and made all the arrangements for travel and food. Following several cloudy days we finally started out, only to run right into rain and were immediately gummed down in the mud. So we returned and waited two days until the road dried out. This interrupted start failed to dampen the spirits of the men and they all eagerly piled in the second time. After four hours of traveling the dirt highway between Akobo and Pibor we were royally greeted by the few Christians and went right to work. The materials had all been gathered

and the site partially cleared so the foundation was immediately begun. Lado pitched right in too, thrilled that these men were willing to take time out from preparing their fields for planting in order to help him.

Ojulu one of our native evangelists, was along and he led the group on a study of I John every day at 11 A.M. to which all the people in the area came. On the second day Bob and I left with rifles in hand and brought back five white-eared cob (antelope) for the men to enjoy. In five days a good-sized native house was built with a touch of the modern to it with its screened windows.

This whole venture proved clearly to the Anuaks and Murlis their unity in Christ. And it further proved to them that only Christ's Spirit can and will break tribal barriers. As Christ breaks human selfish pride so he breaks tribal pride. When we were leaving one of the men stated clearly the spirit with which the men had worked: "We haven't been building a house for you, Lado, but a house for God. Walk with Him and He will continue to bless you and your people through His Son."

Lee Crandall

Pakistan and India

MRS. JOHN D. HARKNESS, Associate Editor, Sargodha, Pakistan-India

A DAY IN THE DISPENSARY

It was a lovely spring morning. The sun had just cleared the eastern horizon, and the life-giving rays were already bathing the fresh, green fields of grain and dancing on the blossoms on the fruit trees. It was the kind of morning that made one's heart thrill with a fresh realization of the majesty of the Creator, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being." There was not much time, however, to thus revel in the beauties of that early morning hour, for soon sick women and children would be coming—some across hilly field-paths and others along dusty roads—to get medicines for themselves and their little ones. Prospects were for a busy day for the Bible Woman and the missionary.

Our little mud-walled dispensary offered no pretentious setting for the day's activities, but women of the Frontier who know much of suffering and little joy or comfort seemed to feel right at home as we greeted them with a cheery "Salaam." Soon they were seated either on the benches or on their heels as is their custom, and the Bible Woman, holding up a large Bible picture of Creation, told them of God's plan of salvation from the Fall to the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

The women listened with varying degrees of interest and concern, some nursing a child who would otherwise have been restless. Despair was written on some faces and many sighs became audible moans as they listened to the message of a loving God, so different from their "Allah." Comments favorable and otherwise were heard as usual during the presentation of the Word in their native dialect. How hard it is for them to even begin to grasp the Truth. Darkness has for so long exerted its blinding effect upon them! When the message was finished all found their way out to the veranda where the Bible Woman continued to talk with them of the One whose blood flowed for sinners.

They returned to the dispensary turn by turn to tell of their symptoms and ailments, and, we, as usual, tried to give the pills which would render the most relief and a word of encouragement for their hearts. How many of those with babe-in-arms were mere girls themselves, very possibly married to men many years their seniors. Others were in the unfortunate and despised state of being unable to bear sons or even daughters to their husbands. Most of them are

(*Continued on Page 188*)

Missionary Horizons Speaking—

Christmas Gifts

Why not do your Christmas shopping the easy way with gifts that will bring Christmas blessings each month for a whole year? No fussing or crowded shopping if you pick up your pen and fill the blanks below for those whom you wish to remember in a special way.

I'll start arriving at their homes in December. Or, if you so request, an extra complimentary copy of this issue will be sent, because it has the Blue Madonna cover. Each person will also receive a Blue Madonna Christmas folder announcing your gift. (A miniature of the Blue Madonna is pictured here, and is on my cover this month.

Missionary Horizons

Date .....

MISSIONARY HORIZONS
Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, Treasurer
510 S. Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

Enclosed find $..... for which please send the following gift subscriptions, at $1.50 each, to:

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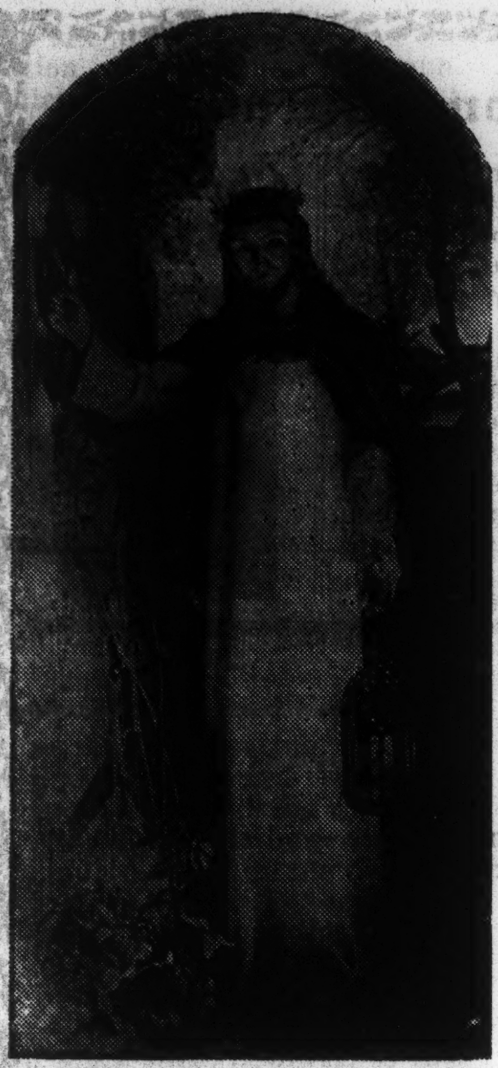

Program Calendar 1956

THE accompanying picture, a reproduction of the painting "The Light of the World" by Holman Hunt, is featured on the yellow-gold cover of the 32-page 1956 *Program Calendar*. The rich symbolism of Christ knocking at the "heart-door" is an ever-present appeal to answer His call for the full commitment of life stewardship.

The program theme selected is *Opportunities Unlimited;* the worship theme, *Challenge Accepted.* Program topics and sub-topics, and the Bible characters who accepted their challenge, are listed on opposite page.

"The Christian Mission in a Revolutionary World" with adult text, *This Revolutionary Faith* by Floyd Shacklock, and related denominational materials receive emphasis during the winter months; the theme, "Mission Field, U.S.A." comes in the autumn. Highlight reviews, and always material on our own mission fields, will be in *Missionary Horizons.*

Music for the theme song, "O Jesus, Thou art Standing" adds to the usefulness of the center spread.

Additional features, including *Prayer Cycle* suggestions, dotted-line pages for membership, attractive line-cut initials, Reading Course books, a Prayer-partner page, etc., make this pocket-size *Program Calendar* a helpful companion and guide for *all* members of mission groups and associations.

The price is 10¢ each, *possible* only because we ask that payment *accompany each order,* and that *sufficient postage* be included to mail the order. Make estimate of postage by finding out from your post office the postal-zone you are from Pittsburgh, and the rate for the probable weight of your package. Eight or ten *Program Calendars* plus wrappings, weigh a pound.

The Order Blank below is for your convenience in ordering:

To Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, 510 S. Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

I enclose $..... for which please send to me ..... copies of the 1956 *Program Calendar,* at 10¢ each plus ....., my estimate of the postage needed to mail them to me. They are for the ..... Society of the ..... congregation.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

PROGRAM CALENDAR—1956

Program Theme: *OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED*

Worship Theme: *CHALLENGE ACCEPTED*

JANUARY

ANOTHER CHANCE

Worship: Challenge Accepted by John Mark. Acts 12:25; 13:13; 15:37-40; 2 Tim. 4:11

Program Topics:

1. The Year is the Lord's
2. "New Hearts, New Faces"
3. New Hope, New Life

FEBRUARY

OUR REVOLUTIONARY WORLD

(Text: *This Revolutionary Faith*, Chaps. 1-5)

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Peter. Matt. 4:18-20; John 21:1-19; Acts 4:6,7, 19-21; 10:9-20

Program Topics:

1. Today's Arena
2. Human Hungers
3. Revolution Inevitable
5. Trends in Our Mission Lands

MARCH

CHRISTIAN APPROACHES

(*Text*: *This Revolutionary Faith*, Chaps. 6-10)

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Esther. Esther 4:14-16

Program Topics:

1. Our Gospel of Love
2. Christian Concern for World Hungers
3. New Dimensions of Fellowship
4. Demonstrating Revolutionary Faith

APRIL

SEEKING, ALWAYS SEEKING

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Caleb and Joshua. Numbers 13:6, 16-25

Program Topics:

1. "They Reach for Life"
2. Some of Our Own

MAY

I HAVE A STEWARDSHIP

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Andrew. John 1:35-41; John 6:8,9; 12:20-22

Program Topics:

1. What is Stewardship?
2. Personality—Prayer—Possessions
3. Talents Know No Boundaries

JUNE

OUR WORK PASSES IN REVIEW

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Daniel. Daniel 1:8-21

Program Topics:

1. From Station to Station
2. Reaching Toward Centennial Goals
3. Keeping Fit in Our Homeland

JULY

HOMELAND HARVEST

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Dorcas. Acts 9:36-41

Program Topics:

1. Growing Edge of America's Tenth
2. Indian Americans Coming Into Their Own
3. Opportunities—Frenchburg & Ezel.

AUGUST

"WOMEN IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS"

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Lydia. Acts 16:14,15

Program Topics:

1. Our WGMS Convention
2. Open Doors for Women
3. Where is Your Little Blue Box?

SEPTEMBER

"O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY"

(*Mission Field, U.S.A.* text)

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Timothy. 2 Tim. 1:1-7; Acts 16:1-5

Program Topics:

1. The Church at Work in the City
2. Migrating Millions
3. Home and Family

OCTOBER

"GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND"

(*Mission Field, U.S.A.* text)

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Paul. Acts 9:3-6; 26:13-20; 18:9-11; 23:11; 28:16

Program Topics:

1. The Church at Work in the City
2. Ministry to the Military
3. The Whole World Looks and Listens

NOVEMBER

"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"

(*Mission Field, U.S.A.* text)

Worship: Challenge Accepted by John. Matt. 4:21,22; John 19:26,27; Rev. 22:17

Program Topics:

1. In Vale and Hamlet
2. Ministering to Those Who Live Apart
3. "America! God Mend Thine Every Flaw"

DECEMBER

PROCLAIMING THE GOOD NEWS

Worship: Challenge Accepted by Shepherds and Wise Men. Luke 2:18-20; Matt. 2:1,2, 11, 12

Program Topics:

1. On Wings of Song
2. Keeping Christmas at Home
3. Keeping Christmas at Church

This brief outline is merely a highlight presentation of the "Program Calendar." Details, such as "Prayer Cycle" suggestions, theme song, poems and quotations, Reading Course list, decorative line-cut drawings, etc. could not be included here.

Order now, one for each member of your group, from Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, Treasurer. Ten cents each, plus postage. Ready for distribution November 1.

LITTLE BLACK ANGELS

By MARIAN DEEMER, Omdurman, The Sudan

THEY tell me that angels live in heaven, but I have seen them here on our street in Omdurman—and our street isn't paved with gold. In fact, it isn't paved at all—it has a lot of ruts and ridges, and stones and sticks lying around. It also has a lot of traffic. No fast cars, but many bicycles and horsecarts and donkeys and camels. So you see, it isn't a very likely place to find angels. But there *are* angels here—at least, they do the things angels are supposed to do.

We have a little baby boy. He hasn't learned yet about bicycles and horsecarts and donkeys and camels. What he *has* learned is that when the gate is open, he can run out into the street. We try to keep the gate closed, but sometimes it is left open and out he goes. And every time, the little black angels come and take his hand and lead him out of the street and out of danger.

Once when he wandered far away —clear down to the lumber yard, where there are many trucks and horsecarts and camels—these angels followed even there to watch over him and bring him safely back.

Another time he stepped on a big thorn and one of the bigger boy angels carried him all the way home in his arms.

These little black angels are not very big themselves. But they know how to run when camels and horsecarts come by, and not to go near the donkeys, for they always played in the street. They do not go to school, because schools cost money. They do not go to church, either. They only know about eating and sleeping and playing ball. They never heard of Jesus. They don't know how he loved all little children. They don't know about needing a Savior who has died so their sins will be forgiven. They don't know about heaven, or God's love, or the other kind of angels that sang on the night Jesus was born. These are the things we want to teach them.

Do these sound like strange angels to you. In Psalms 91:11-12, we find this written:

"For he will give his angels charge of you to guard you in all your ways. On their hands they will bear you up, lest you dash your foot against a stone."

And that is exactly what these little folks do for our baby.

They tell me that angels live in heaven and have shiny robes, but I have seen raggedy little black angels here on our street in Omdurman.

Children of the Sudan

The Board of Foreign Missions received word on October 13 *of the death of Mrs. Monte Parr in the hospital at Assiut, Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. Parr had been appointed as short-term missionaries for a building program in the Upper Nile Mission and had sailed this past summer, arriving in Khartoum on September* 1. *They had not reached their appointed destination when her illness caused her hospitalization.* Missionary Horizons *would express the sympathy of readers to Pamela, aged twelve, and Peter nine, in the school for missionaries' children at Assiut, and to Mr. Parr, and to their home congregation at Oxford, Ohio.*

ON X-CHANGE HORIZONS

A RECENT quarterly NEWS BULLETIN from the Women's Missionary Societies of Nebraska Presbyterial was submitted by Mrs. E. H. Franzen, Secretary of the Presbyterial and Second Vice President of the 1955 WGMS Convention. All of the reports from the constituent mission groups of Nebraska Presbyterial are interestingly indicative of *real* mission activities, but space permits quotation from only several:

North Bend, Nebraska. Members and officers of the United Presbyterian Women's Association are happy to report the success of their organization, now in its fourth year of trial. Prior to 1952 the women of the church were divided into four groups with largely the same women carrying the executive load in each group, and many of the church women not active in any group. With the organization of U.P.W.A., all this activity was integrated, and the result seems to have justified the change. Each year since 1952, the U.P.W.A. has increased its missionary budget, Thank Offering, and membership.

Since the lesson outlines by the WGMS are used in the regular monthly meetings of the whole group, instruction in missionary work now reaches all the women, for as they become members of the church, they automatically become members of U.P.W.A.

Through the subdivision of the organization into Circles which meet monthly in our homes, we know each other intimately and become more friendly, resulting in a new spirit of fellowship, as evidenced by the fact that we now call each other by our first names, whereas before, many new members did not become socially established in the church.

Our annual U.P.W.A. Mission banquet is becoming a tradition, with increasing interest each year. At this affair, one of the Reading Course books is reviewed, thus bringing the Reading Course to the attention of everyone. This year's attendance taxed the dining room capacity. Male members of the Mariner's Club served the meal to some 140 guests. *Dig or Die, Brother Hyde* was the book reviewed.

South Omaha, Nebraska. We have two missionary societies, the Renwick Circle whose members are mostly working women, and the Women's Society . . . In order that we may more intelligently study the Bible-Character-of-the-Month Renwick Circle has made strips to be used on the flannelboard, one for each of the 12 facts suggested in the back of the *Program Calendar*. These are of value, because most people remember more easily that which they see. . .

The WMS of South Church is experimenting with a new plan. We've always met on the second and fourth Thursdays in homes or at the church for dessert luncheons, followed by devotions and business the first meeting, and a program at the second meeting each month. This year we voted to hold all meetings at the church, and to schedule only one formal meeting each month, to include mission study, program and business. The other meeting is informal to sew for our mission stations, which we call our Project Meeting. The informality of the latter allows attendance at any hour for part or all of the day's session, which begins at 10 A.M. and lasts until the middle of the afternoon, with a break at noon for a simple lunch. The informality makes mothers of small children feel free to bring their youngsters with them. So we are reaching some who cannot attend formal meetings. We praise God that we have this opportunity for service.

Mission Creek, Nebraska . . . This was the first year the society has entered into the reading plan, and considerable interest has been shown. The 1955 books have been circulating freely, with several of the husbands reported to be reading and enjoying them.

Central, Omaha, Nebraska. The ladies of our church are organized into six day circles and one evening circle. Each circle is sponsored by one of the Women's Association Board members. Meetings are held in the homes of members on the first Friday of the month.

India and our Missions there was our study in the Circles the first quarter of 1955. *Under Three Flags, Missionary Horizons,* maps and various pamphlets and articles furnished material for inspirational programs.

Our General Association meeting is held in the social rooms of the church on the third Friday of each month, beginning with the Prayer Group meeting at 12:30, the *Prayer Cycle* as guide. Lunch at one o'clock is followed by devotional service, general business meeting and an inspirational program which presents missionary of Christian education work of our church and community. In February our program was a "Panel of Americans" presented by three students (Catholic, Colored, Protestant) and their director from Omaha University. This program on Race and Religious prejudice was most interesting. The purpose of our organization is "to aid in the spiritual, educational, cultural, social and financial program of the Church, both in local and world enterprise."

Minden, Nebraska. Minden's Ida Ure Nichol Missionary Society, so named in

loving memory of one who gave untiringly of herself to make the society a living, growing, witnessing organization, has 46 members who carry on a wide variety of activities in His name. In addition to the regular monthly meetings of the missionary society with its devotional and study program based on the WGMS programs for the year, the Kensington meets monthly for a project of sewing for missions. Each work meeting is undergirded by a devotional period. . . .

The Society sponsors an active Junior Missionary Society. The study is based on presentations of material in the *Junior Missionary Magazine*. Memory work is stressed. . . The older society purchases the *Prayer Cycles* and the *Junior Missionary Magazines* used by the younger group, and sponsors a Christmas party at which the Juniors are guests. A vital missionary program among the youngsters is a pillar in the foundation of a healthy program among adults!

Each week during the nine school months, a committee of three women prepare and serve supper to the average of 55 children who attend Youth Club. Each individual who eats supper pays 25¢ with the church making up deficiencies. Society members are generous in their donations of time and food.

In August each year, the members meet in the church for a breakfast and an outstanding devotional period. Another event is the Una Coie Social, sponsored by the Society. This is a time of fellowship among the church family. Following a cooperative, family supper in the social rooms, a varied program of devotions in scripture, song and prayer, and a letter from Una Coie is presented in the sanctuary. A good-will offering is received as partial payment of the salary of the missionary for whom the fellowship-social is titled, Miss Una Coie, whose home congregation is this, Minden. This same congregation is happy to have a definite share in supplying the salary of a home missionary—a new project for the year, 1955.

Hospitality is not lacking. Whether lodging or meals are needed for a touring College choir, or volunteers to prepare and serve the annual Father-Son banquet, members are eager to serve. Likewise, they serve with their funds. Use of envelopes for the receipts of missionary pledge each month has strengthened substantially the privilege of giving to the Lord's work. Voluntary contribution to the Tea Fund ("petty cash" fund taken at each Kensington), is generous. From this fund, in addition to the purchase of reading-course books, comes the cost of small but significant gifts at Christmas and on birthdays, to the elderly and shut-ins of the church. "O Master, let me walk with Thee in lowly paths of service free"—from the great hymn—characterizes our goal.

Our group from our church is sending *Missionary Horizons* subscription to the public library of Washington, Iowa.—*Ethel McCreedy, Treasurer 2nd Division WMS, Washington, Iowa.*

You will be glad to hear that our Young People's Society of Mt. Prospect (near Canonsburg, Pa.) has been using the Bible characters in *Missionary Horizons* for their topics on Sabbath night. They have enjoyed them so much and learned a lot about the Bible characters. A week before each meeting I would see that the leader had a copy of the magazine. This leader would assign certain topics and have someone read the Scripture and Meditation. Then the Quiz would be conducted by the leader, who, of course, would have to hunt the answers to the questions in case the other members couldn't answer them. The church bulletin for that day would state the chapters and verses in the Bible which gave the life of the Bible character. Most of the young people would read that on Sabbath afternoon.—*Mrs. R. B. McNary,* formerly Teens Secretary of the Women's Board

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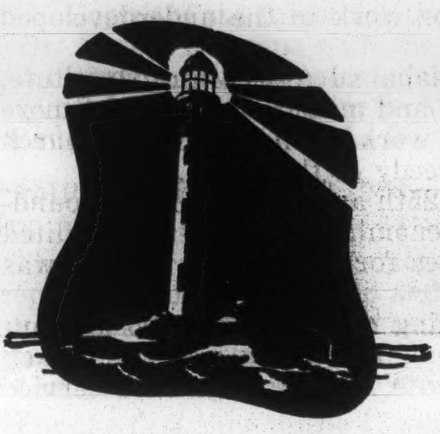
G-CUP-C NEWS, issued by Grace Community United Presbyterian Church, New Kensington, Pa., Volume 5, No. 20, contains this interesting item on "Visitation Evangelism": "Ten teams are ready to follow up the results of the survey and the regular list of friends who have been attending Grace Church. The claims of Christ are being explained on Monday and Tuesday evenings this week by these workers. *You can help. Have your family remember this work in prayer at your table.* Pray that the Holy Spirit will bring many to believe in and follow our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Rev. Paul Musser, pastor of Grace Community, and his wife have served as short-term missionaries in Egypt. Consequently, their zeal for the World Mission program of the Church is keen and vitalizing.

This And That From Here, There, And Everywhere



→DANIEL AND ABSTINENCE. Daniel, a captive in Babylon, was subject of the conqueror, King Nebuchadnezzar. As a Jewish boy he had been schooled in the Law and Traditions of his people. He was a son-of-the-covenant. According to most scholars Daniel was between the age of twelve and fifteen when he and his people were taken into Babylonian captivity. Family and parental patterns of conduct and thinking were firmly established in his life. He was a noble Jewish youth. Daniel made a personal choice to practice voluntary abstinence from wine, the alcoholic beverage of his day.

When Daniel and his friends were taken to the royal palace of King Nebuchadnezzar to be taught the ways of the King's empire, it was their training at home which kept them unscathed from the practices of their new mode of living. Today, the church must give herself to a larger program of training for living. The anti-Christian world constantly bids for attention and allegiance. (Read Daniel 1:4,8; 5:22,23)—*Alcohol Lesson Leaflet*

→DRY WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS. Newspapers are one of the leading media employed by the Alcoholic Beverage Industry in advertising to promote the sale and consumption of their products. Newspaper editors and publishers are largely dependent on advertising to meet the cost of publishing their papers. It is therefore a strong temptation to accept liquor advertisements. While a large majority of newspapers succumb to this temptation, not a few stand out against it and refuse to accept any advertisements of alcoholic beverages. We urge all who oppose liquor advertising to commend the editors and publishers of these dry papers in their communities for their stand on this issue most of them at a financial loss when they are hard pressed to meet expenses. This in one way you can help the temperance cause.—*Committee Against Liquor Advertising of the National Temperance and Prohibition Council*

→STUDENTS ATTEND BEFORE-SCHOOL SERVICES—High School students in Youngstown, Ohio have devised their own answer to juvenile delinquency. Every Wednesday morning about 30 of them stop for a 20 minute prayer and worship service at Calvary Baptist Church before going to classes at nearby South High School.

The idea was originated by members of the Calvary Church's youth group and started in January with the attendance of 14. Since then the number has doubled, with more than half of those regularly attending coming from other churches. The informal service is conducted by a different member of the group each week and is open to senior high school students of any denomination. —*Religious Newsweekly*

→WORLD DAY OF PRAYER FUNDS. Funds contributed by American church women in World Day of Prayer observances have been used by United Church Women to purchase a $7,000 mobile audio-visual unit for educational and evangelistic work with the Kikuyu tribe, Kenya Colony, Africa. UCW is national sponsor of the Day.

→CITES NEED FOR MORE RURAL MISSIONARIES. An American layman who has been an agricultural missionary in India for the past 18 years has urged that U.S. churches concentrate more time and money on the training of agricultural missionaries for work in the underdeveloped areas of the world.

Dr. A. T. Mosher, vice-principal of the Allahabad Agricultural Institute, Allahabad, India, told more than 150 church and mission leaders that more skilled persons specifically trained for rural work are needed if the church is to fulfill its obligation in caring for the needy of the world.

The occasion was a luncheon marking the 25th anniversary of the founding of Agricultural Missions, Inc., a non-denominational agency credited with training an estimated 2,000 missionaries for rural work since it was founded in 1930.

Highlighting the occasion was the awarding of citations to 25 agricultural missionaries who have served a total of 846 years overseas. Each was presented with a Silver Jubilee certificate for "distinguished service among village peoples."

→HUGUENOT YOUTH HERE. What started as a Sunday School lesson on the history of the French Huguenots in a New Rochelle, N.Y., church has brought to the community for a year's visit two young French Huguenot students from the mother city of La Rochelle, France. Denise Beauvois, 18 and Michel Renut, 13, arrived in New York recently, their passage financed by the sale of more than 1,000 Huguenot crosses in the form of lapel clips and pins by the youth of eleven New Rochelle Protestant churches. During their visit here each will be the guest of a different New Rochelle family each month.

The idea was initiated last January by the Sunday School class of Mrs. Maude J. Whittier, at the New Rochelle North Ave., Presbyterian Church, and quickly spread to other Sunday Schools in the community.

Like their Huguenot predecessors who fled La Rochelle to seek religious freedom in America and founded New Rochelle in 1688, Denise and Michel arrived wearing the Huguenot Cross, the first Protestant cross and the symbol of devout faith and a stormy history of religious persecution.

Denise and Michel had a busy first day in New York. They were met at the boat by a large delegation of New Rochelle citizens and New York City officials. At a reception at the French Embassy in the afternoon Denise presented a Huguenot Bible in French from the Reformed Church in La Rochelle to Dr. Margaret Hayes Sebree, Washington, D.C., president general of the National Huguenot Society. The Bible was given in token of her church's appreciation to the Society for "keeping alive the faith and tolerance of Huguenots."

→CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP CITATION. Miss Margaret T. Applegarth, New York, author, lecturer and leader in church women's organizations for many years, has been awarded the 1955 Citation by *The Upper Room*, a daily devotional guide, for her "outstanding Christian leadership in the realm of world Christian fellowship." A meditation written by Miss Applegarth appears in the September-October World Christian Fellowship issue of the magazine.

→HYMN WRITING CONTEST. The Hymn Society of America has announced a hymn writing contest in connection with National Youth Week next January 29-February 6. Theme of the new hymns will be "Our Citizenship Under Christ." Entries are limited to those submitted by persons under 30 years of age. The deadline is December 1. The Society is conducting the contest for the United Christian Youth Movement, sponsor of National Youth Week.—*The Religious Newsweekly*

→LOUIS B. BENSON CENTENNIAL. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Louis F. Benson, distinguished hymnologist, was inaugurated by the Hymn Society of America at its annual meeting in May, 1955. Copies of the folder for the Commemoration Service, containing four of Dr. Benson's hymns with the music, and a listing of his hymns in current hymnals, several poems, may be secured by writing to the Hymn Society of America, 297 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y. Single copy 10¢; ten or more copies, 8¢ each; 50 or more copies 5¢ each.

→MRS. AMERICA OF 1956. A Lutheran Sunday school teacher became Mrs. America of 1956 in the 17th annual competition at Ormond Beach, Fla.

The winner was Mrs. Ramona Deitemeyer of Lincoln, Neb., where she keeps home for her husband and five children, teaches a second-grade Sunday school class and serves as president of the Parent-Teachers Association of Holmes Elementary School. Her husband, Carl Deitemeyer, editor of the *Nebraska Farmer*, is chairman of the Christ Lutheran congregation.

For the first time in the 17 years of the Mrs. American contest there was no bathing suit competition. It was all homemaking.

The blue-eyed, blonde Sunday School teacher won two preliminary awards, one for the best dinner menu and another for keeping the neatest and cleanest villa along Mrs. America Drive here, before she was selected Mrs. America of 1956.

"I want the title to mean two things: first that the job of homemaking will be kept on a terrifically high plane and next that my church can be part of the title," the new Mrs. America announced after her election. —*National Lutheran Council*

→THE WORLD DAY OF PRAYER. The World Day of Prayer will be held on February 17, 1956, on the first Friday of Lent. The theme will be "One Flock, One Shepherd." This is the seventieth year of the observance in the United States. Services begin on the Tonga Islands, just west of the International Date Line, where Queen Salote leads her subjects in prayer. They continue throughout the day in 134 countries, closing with the observance on St. Lawrence Island, Alaska.

The purpose of the Day is to unite all Christians in a bond of prayer and to make an offering for Christian missions at home and abroad.

The program comes from a different country each year. The service for 1956 has come from Cook Christian Training School for Indians, Phoenix, Arizona.

MEMO FOR MEN

DAN WOLFE, Executive Secetary

A CALL FOR ACTION

"In the early days of the Christian Era, earnest men and women were persecuted, tortured and killed because of their belief in Jesus Christ. As they met resistance, they developed resistance and grew strong. Then came the freedom of democracies and with it the Christians could worship as they desired. Because resistance was no longer necessary, the Church lost the strength and vitality of those early days.

"In this modern day there arises the Communist Movement which does not believe in God, Christ and Truth. Is this a return of resistance to the Christian Church? You give the answer. This is again the time for all Christians, whether consecrated or nominal or indifferent, to rise up and say that the Red menace shall not conquer the Christian Church, for Christ shall give us the Victory."

Alvah L. Sawyer, M.D.

Thank Offering

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY, Secretary
9 Pocono Drive, Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

"Not I, but Christ
Be honored, loved, exalted."

A CHRISTIAN'S OPPORTUNITY

"Thou hast given so much to us, give one thing more, a grateful heart, for Christ's sake."—George Herbert, 1953

The giving of Thank Offerings is one of the most joyful of Christian privileges. There seems to be a delicate distinction between this and ordinary giving. It has a meaning over and above the pledged gifts, even though they also are a privilege and a blessing.

The Thank Offering is an answer to the question, "What little gift beyond all demands of love and service can I give to express my delight in the work of God on earth?"

It is the overflow of the soul toward the Lord of the harvest, which is plainly indicated in our annual Thank Offerings. Small or large as the giving may be, it means gladness and gratitude for blessings received, for fresh glimpses of thanksgiving, for new inspirations, for the increasing sense of God's nearness, and for every daily mercy of our outward and inward life.

Thank Offerings for missions speak the answer to the daily prayer, "Thy Kingdom come." How greatly we rejoice when we think of the uplifted cross shining above the pagan culture of India and Pakistan, the crescent of Egypt, the darkness of the Sudan and Ethiopia, as well as neglected spots in America. The Thank Offering has played a large part through the years in helping to further this great and challenging cause. Let us give thanks that during these autumn months, we have had this wonderful opportunity to enjoy a Thank Offering day. No society or congregation can afford to miss it. No individual Christian can afford to lose its warmth and inspiration. It makes a blessed closing for the old year and a sweet prelude to the New Year. Continue to bring daily Thank Offerings to the King of kings; lay them lovingly, tenderly at His feet. From a grateful heart, give thanks to God for His everlasting loving-kindness and faithfulness; and for the wonderful things accomplished by Him, in the furthering of His Kingdom, through the use made of the Thank Offerings.

OUR GIFTS TO CHRIST

Some gave Christ shelter, clothing, food,
And some the love that cheers;
One gave to Him—'twas all she could—
Her spikenard and her tears.

And one his fish and barley bread
Right joyfully did bring;
One gave a colt; some palm-leaves spread
That He might ride, a King.

One gave a seamless robe—how meet;
And one an upper room;
One gave the Lord a winding-sheet,
And one a new-made tomb.

And as His earthly life He led
In old Jerusalem,
He took gifts graciously, and said,
"The Lord hath need of them."

So still the Lord hath need of these;
The gifts that men can bring;
Our lives, our wealth, our services,
Are welcomed by our King.

The simplest gifts to Him are dear
Which friends to Him impart.
If but the giver is sincere
And gives them with his heart.

Anonymous

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS
$25.00 Each

16. Mrs. Grayce Chambers. By H. C. Chambers in Memory of R. L. E. Chambers, through the Ethel Chambers Missionary Society, Second Church, East Liverpool, O.

17. Mrs. Kennedy Fennell. By Allerton, Ia., WMS and friends.

18. Mrs. Roy Duncan. By Allerton, Ia., WMS and friends.

19. Mrs. T. H. Davidson. By Scotch Ridge WMS, Pemberville, Ohio.

20. Mrs. Fannie Kelley. By the WMS, L.O.A. Class, Willing Workers & Gleaners, LeClaire, Iowa.

21. Mrs. Everett Sidlinger, LeClaire, Iowa. By Mr. Clarence Sidlinger.

(*Continued on Page 186*)

Prayer Groups

Mrs. GEORGE W. HUTTON, Secretary
R. F. D. 7 (Meridian), Butler, Pa.

"Not I, but Christ,
Be seen, be known, be heard."

THE ADVENT TRYST

As we take up this copy of *Missionary Horizons* we are aware at once that it contains materials and suggestions for our December meetings and activities, and tends to direct our thought toward the Advent Season. Even while our minds suggest phrases of our grateful praise to God on our national Day of Thanksgiving, our hearts also sing "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee!"

Indeed our thanksgivings ascend only because we *can* sing in adoration of God's only born Son. In acknowledging Him as God's great gift to all mankind our perception at once is sharpened, and we begin to understand something of His boundless love for us. His coming—"the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us"—was the one thing all men could understand, the learned and the illiterate, the young and the old. Christmas was not an idea. It was an *Event.* And with this Event came a new conception of God Himself. The God of righteousness and law became the God of love and mercy. There came, as Dr. Henry Van Dusen expressed it, a new sense of God's being "not a problem to be solved, but a Toiler to be joined!" There came a new sense of brotherhood, of individual worth, which is still one of the growing realities of our time. The heart of Jesus' message was the love of one's neighbor. Dr. Arthur Compton once said, "This teaching is in plain fact precisely what is needed to fit man to live in the world that science is shaping; that he shall love his neighbor and with the kind of love that inspires him to help his neighbor live."

With the Advent of Christ came also a new conception of man for himself, a new view of his own life, of the world he lives in. He now could move in new dimensions, among larger risks and larger opportunities, and with new devices seek new ways of co-operation. In our present decade man has the great contemporary task of trying to advance in the world a positive Christ-centered faith of unique authority, and to do so without arrogance. This authority that Christianity has is, of course, renewed by Christmas. We know all over again the utter importance of Jesus and the meaning of His divine life. It was this Life that brought the church into being, and He alone can now renew both church and men!*

It is because Christians are possessed of so mighty a gift, and have a deep obligation to the rest of the world that the women of our Presbyterian churches felt constrained to ask all women to join together this year for a great "Advent Tryst." It is hoped that all may think together and pray together, using the same topics for their meditation, praise, and intercession starting the first week in December. Such material has been carefully and prayerfully prepared by our national women leaders, and is available from our own Literature Department, 5¢ a copy.

I am keenly aware of the crowded days we experience during the final month of our calendar year. I also am aware of the fact that each individual, each household, each society, church, and community can be renewed and enriched by our daily, *united participation* in this Advent Tryst. Someone has aptly said, "The Lord desires not our *spare time,* but our *precious* time!" So, "come, let us adore Him!" "Let us worship and bow down!" May we not deprive ourselves and others of the rich blessings He has for those that wait upon Him. May we all keep faithfully this initial "Advent Tryst" of Presbyterian women.

Let "every hearth be aflame,
and the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations,
that Jesus is King!"

*Excerpts from "Beyond Bethlehem," by Howard Lowery," Presbyterian Life," Dec. 25, 1954.

The Teens

MRS. H. ANDREW BRUDER, Secretary
1001 McCleary St., McKeesport, Pa.

"Not I, but Christ,
In every look and action."

"BY FAITH WE WALK THE CHRISTIAN ROAD"

"THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART."

Worship: By Faith We Follow On With Christ.

Scripture: Heb. 11:39,40; Matt. 2; John 3:15,16; 5:24; 12:46; 20:31.

Prayer Cycle: 31st Day.

Song-of-the-Month: SCW 114; Christmas Carols.

Meditation: December—the closing month of another year! This brings the final study of our theme, *"By Faith We Walk the Christian Road,"* as we consider this month "The Road of the Loving Heart." No other person so exemplifies this theme as Jesus—the Christ. Other characters whose lives we have thought about through the year as examples of faithful living, have gone on—but Christ walks the road of life with us today. "Lo, I am with you alway" (Matt. 28:20), He said to His disciples as He gave them the Great Commission.

In our scripture background—John 20:31 we have the purpose given for John's writing of the gospel, "That ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." Thus the gift of Christ to us is the abundant life as we believe in Him. This is not something we experience as we grow older but it is an abundant joy in life right now for teen-agers as they witness for Him each day.

Christmas is a time for candles, colored lights on the tree and a Star. John 12:46 tells us that Christ has come "a light into the world" and when we believe in Him we should not live in the darkness of fear.

How great His love is for us! But we have to accept it. A gift is useless until we take it and make it our own. So we cannot have faith to walk the Christian Road unless we take Christ as our Companion.

"The way was long, and the shadows spread,
Far as the eye could see.
I stretched my hands to a human Christ,
Who walked through the night with me.
Out of the darkness we came at last,
Our feet on the dawn-warm sod,
And I knew by the light in His wond'rous eye,
That I walked with the Son of God."

(From *Streams in the Desert* by Mrs. Chas. E. Cowman)

Program Suggestions: Read material for program topics in *Missionary Horizons* and adapt it to use in your group. Keep the Teen-Agers instructed and informed about missions.

Look back over your program of the past year and see how you can do better next year. Now is the time for the officers and sponsors to plan the program for 1956, if you do not have a Program Committee. Use the outline given elsewhere in this issue and make a program for the year, including special meetings as your group desires.

This is a good time, too, to work on report blanks to see how your group can be more efficient.

Finish your gift projects early and send them.

TEEN TATTLER

It has been some time since I have told you of the new groups joining our work. We welcome these: from College Springs Presbyterial, the Joan Yilek Society of Clarinda, Iowa. Miss Phyllis Farquhar, Sponsor.

Detroit Presbyterial reports new groups in the Royal Oak church and in Joslyn Ave., Pontiac, Michigan.

In the Rushville congregation of Indiana Presbyterial, "The Nazir Alamites" with 20 members; Miss Julia Jackson, president, and Mrs. Edgar McMichael and Mrs. Herbert Glass, sponsors.

The Juniors

MRS. ORVILLE L. KUHN, Secretary
1582 Woodbine St., Pittsburgh 1, Pa.

"Not I, but Christ,
In every thought and word."

JUNIOR GOALS

It is with a feeling of great responsibility that I take over this new task. I am mindful of the wonderful achievements of those who have gone before. Through their devoted service, children have been led to love Christ and to express their love for Him in a love and concern for children of other communities and lands who have lacked equal opportunity. It is on the foundation laid by those of the past that we must build a greater program in the future.

The first goal should be that of increasing our membership and increasing the number of societies. A look at the statistical report of last year shows that there were 473 societies which means there were approximately 350 churches that did not have a program for their junior-age boys and girls designed specifically for missionary education. Also statistics show a definite loss in number of societies for the past two years and a substantial loss in membership last year. What is the cause for this loss?

It could not be caused by lack of boys and girls. Enrollment in our public schools shows a great increase. We should have a larger potential membership in our Junior Missionary Society than ever before.

This loss could not be caused by the lack of urgency of the missionary cause. Christ's commission "Go ye" still challenges us. The need is still clearly defined.

The loss could not be caused by lack of interest on the part of the children. Increased speed of transportation and communication has made their interest in other children of different communities and different lands more keen.

I wonder if the loss is caused by lack of leadership. To take responsibility for making a missionary program really live for boys and girls of junior age is not an easy task. It takes lots of preparation, effort, patience, and know-how. But we need missionary education for all of the boys and girls in all of our churches.

Are you a member of a church where there is no Junior Missionary Society? If you are, can't you help to get one organized? The Literature Department at 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh 22, Pa., will furnish free sample materials to help you get started. South Church at Omaha recently requested this material and signified interest in organizing a Junior Society. Maybe you are a member of a church where the juniors need some encouragement or help in getting more members or in some other way. Will you help? The responsibility belongs to all of us—that of teaching the boys and girls in the church to have a concern for others and their relationship with Christ. Let's really concentrate on this problem of expansion and let's consecrate ourselves to help in some way that is needed.

Will you write to me about your "ups and downs," your problems, your goals and your achievements? We want to share and to help.

JUNIOR MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

Send subscriptions to

MRS. R. D. GREENAWAY
5366 Keeport Drive, K-16
Pittsburgh 36, Pa.

PRICE: 50¢ per year. Ten or more copies to one address, 25¢ each per year.

"Not I, but Christ,
In lowly, silent labor."

VOCATIONAL AGRICULTURE IN EZEL SCHOOL

The latest department to be incorporated into the curriculum of Ezel School was that of Agriculture. This department was established in 1948, with 22 boys in the all-day classes, 25 veterans in the Institutional-on-farm training program, and a small group on both Young and Adult Farmers.

In the beginning it was necessary for classes to be held in the high school science room, because there was no other place to take care of them. Soon after the beginning of the year, work was started on a quonset building 24x60 feet to house the class room and farm shop. This structure is still the home of the department. The class room is 24x24 feet and the shop 24x36 feet.

The course of study was worked out with the needs of the community as a basis. A survey of fifty farms in the community was made and results tabulated. This course has been about as follows:

Freshmen: Supervised farming programs, Soils and Crops.

Sophomores: Supervised farming, General livestock and records.

Juniors and Seniors: Supervised farming program, Home Beautification and records.

Then all classes participate in the F.F.A. organization.

In 1952, at the end of our first four years of instruction in agriculture, we had our first boy to qualify for the degree of Kentucky Farmer in the F.F.A. organization. This is the highest degree that may be conferred by the State Association. Since this time seven other boys have received this degree, two of whom have also been given the District Star Farmer Award in addition to the degree.

Each year the local chapter of F.F.A. has a team participating in the State Fair Poultry Judging Contest. We have ranked from second to ninth place in this contest.

During the summer months the officers of the F.F.A. have attended a week's training period at our Leadership Training Center in Hardinsburg, Ky., which is approximately 210 miles from Ezel. Since there are few ways for a small chapter to raise funds to pay for the expenses of such trips, the boys have financed the trips themselves. It is gratifying to know that these boys and their parents have had enough interest to see that our chapter is represented.

Our department ranks well with other departments of this district and we were quite pleased with the results of a recent survey made by a candidate for the M. S. degree in one of our nearby colleges, which showed that *five* of our graduates were actually farming to every *one* from a neighboring high school with more than twice our enrollment.

As in all other departments, there are many needs in the department of agriculture. We are cramped for space in the farm shop. Several tools would enable us to do better shop instruction. We were able last year to make a few things in the shop. Some of these were: 3 bookcase headboard beds (2 cherry and 1 cedar), one wagon flat, hog house, mineral feeders for livestock, lawn furniture, axe handles, hammer handles, etc.

Local people have made it possible for us to offer several incentive awards for outstanding work. This department is filling a definite community need. May it become stronger so that farming conditions in the entire community and county may be improved by its influence.

Albert H. Dorsey

Negro Missions

MRS. G. VIRGIL HUTCHISON, Sec'y.,
Imperial, Pa.

"Not I, but Christ,
In humble earnest toil."

"ONLY DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS"

As this is written, a September sun is making everyone conscious of the heat. When you read it cold winds will be forerunners of winter. And I want you to look forward another month for it is "only—days until Christmas." There are many special events in each family which call for celebrations. In our church life, too, there are days of remembrance. One of the happiest, both in family and church circles is Christmas, the birthday of our Lord.

Your own children and small friends are looking with shining eyes to that wonderful day. And so are the children in our missions. Many live in real poverty and there is no money for gifts. But their faith in their mission friends must not be vain. Some societies and Sabbath School classes made plans months ago to send boxes to our negro stations. If you have not yet taken steps to send such a parcel, will you not do so at once. Perhaps your gift will make the holiday perfect for one of Christ's little ones.

Do you want suggestions for acceptable gifts? Anything your own young friends like would be gratefully received—dolls, balls, games, books and school supplies, material for sewing, sweaters, blouses, belts, hose, ribbons. Your own holiday will be brighter if you have shared with the needy. Please follow gifts with prayers for workers, pupils in schools, patients in Jubilee Hospital.

When you send a carton, be sure to include the name and address of the sender *inside* the package as well as outside so that acknowledgement may be made. Addresses are given in the back of this magazine. Send early so that teachers will have time to sort and label the gifts before school closes for Christmas vacation.

The hot-lunch project is still very much in evidence in Camden and Miller's Ferry. It costs about $36 to furnish a hot lunch for a child for a whole school year. One superintendent writes again that many of the pupils come to school without breakfast, bring no lunch, and go home to an inadequate evening meal. The parents love their children but there is just not enough money to feed them properly. Investigation has shown that food prices in Alabama are about the same as in Pennsylvania or other northern states, but wages for unskilled labor are much lower. Some agricultural workers receive 18 cents per hour for seasonal work. Inadequately paid men are not well fed and so may be inefficient in their work. A better wage and better food would increase their ability to work, and the family standard of living could rise. But hungry children can not wait for economic discussions. They need food now. Will you help?

This little girl in Prairie, Ala., loves her doll. →

Indian Missions

MRS. WALLACE G. McGEOCH
266 Second St., Leechburg, Pa.

"Christ, only Christ—
No show, no ostentation."

FIRST FRUITS AT OLJATO

The summer months of 1955 in Oljato Christian Mission will long be remembered as a time of great rejoicing and encouragement. During these months the first Vacation Church School was held, the first people accepted Christ as Saviour and first prayer meeting was held.

The Vacation Church School was held June 6-12. Miss Patricia Hofer, a Sterling College classmate of Lois Patterson, and a Navaho helper, Josephine Seaton, who has had one year at Cook Christian Training School, helped with the school. The average attendance was fifteen. Parents were encouraged to come to the church service June 12 which was Children's Day. The children had part in this service demonstrating what they had learned. It was the first occasion in the community for children to be so featured and the parents were proud of their accomplishments.

A "camp meeting," an evangelistic type of service with preaching morning, afternoon and evening, was held July 28-30, fifteen miles south of Kayenta, with Rev. Patterson assisting Alfred Miller, a Navaho Christian worker in that area who is under the Presbyterian Board of Sunday School Missions. It was on the second afternoon of these meetings that Cecil Todechenee, our interpreter, expressed himself as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. His wife, Helen, and his sister, Bertha Simpson, stand with him in this decision for the Lord. Bertha's husband, John Lee Simpson, who is not in sympathy with the others becoming Christian, is the man who helped us in 1950 in securing a permit from the Navaho Tribal Council to establish our mission. The Simpson family moved close to the mission last fall to send their girls to the new Oljato Government Day School.

August 3rd will go down in history as the first real prayer meeting. Since the beginning of the mission the Todechenees and Rev. and Mrs. Patterson have had devotions together several evenings a week. Since last fall Mrs. Simpson and the children have been joining in the devotions. Together they learned to sing the Navaho hymns, read the Scripture verse about, but always the missionaries did the praying. It was on August 3rd that Cecil Todechenee read the wonderful promise in Matthew 18:19-20. The promise was explained that believers belong to the family of God and that it is a natural thing for us to lift our voices in prayer to the Father in Heaven in the Name of His Son. When the opportunity was given for as many as would to take part in prayer there was a good response. Such a prayer meeting will be held each Wednesday evening.

In October, 1949, just two months after Rev. and Mrs. Patterson arrived at Oljato, they were able to help nine boys and girls get started to the Government Boarding School at Dennehotso. This summer they met one of these boys while in Denver, Colorado, who had completed a five-year program designed by the government to give enough English and enough training in some trade that a young person could hold a job in and adjust to a white community. This young man is now working in Denver. He and his roommate went with Rev. and Mrs. Patterson to the First U. P. Church in Denver where the boys made a good appearance and were heartily welcomed by congregation and pastor.

We rejoice with the Pattersons in the good news of these first fruits and trust that many more will follow.

(Facts furnished by F. Patterson)

Foreign Missions

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary
847 Thorn Street, Sewickley, Pa.

"Christ, none but Christ,
The Gatherer of the spoil."

AMONG THE ANUAKS

I have nothing but a great song of praise for what the Lord has been accomplishing here. When I left, for regular furlough, there were a number of Christian believers, but none that had received baptism, and now the Lord has built a Church of nearly forty. It is a live, witnessing church. It is a church that has taken seriously the Lord's command to tithe that which He has given them, and with that tithe, they support two evangelists from among their own number who itinerate among the distant villages carrying the Gospel to places that we might not have reached for many years. I trust that the Lord will lay a real burden for prayer on some of you for these two young men—Akway and Owar. They are new Christians themselves, but they have such a positive Christian testimony, that there was no question but that they were the ones that should be sent out. They are newly literate, and they carry with them The Gospels, Acts, Romans 1-12, I Corinthians and I John. Do pray that the Holy Spirit Himself will be their teacher, opening unto them the things of the Word so that they may teach others. We are looking for them to return from their present trip very soon, and it will be a great time for us all. We will be strengthened and encouraged to hear what the Lord has been doing through them, and they will have a time of spiritual refreshment and study before going out again.

What a thrill it has been to return to the villages where I had been serving before going home! In one village, I greeted a healthy baby whom "Doctor" Yilek had helped usher into the world. In another place, they showed me a little girl skipping and running around.

"Do you remember her?" they asked. "She was the one who cried when you washed the big ulcers on her leg. We kept going to the clinic after you left, and she is well now."

When I returned to one village, the chief *ordered* everyone to come to the meeting place.

"You sit down and listen now," He commanded.

I sat! He didn't look like he was in the mood for discussion.

Then he turned rather fiercely to his people . . . "Sing her songs for her."

And they sang with real enthusiasm, and I sat there rejoicing in the message of the Gospel in those songs, and that the Gospel witness had been kept alive in one place by singing. One of the ways that the folk lore of this tribe is maintained is through songs, and the constant repetition of them. Just recently, the Lord has raised up one of the Anuak poets of this place to compose real native hymns. How thankful we are for this, for our hope and dream for this people is that they may have a church that is their "own" in every way, and that they may worship together in the language of their own hearts. Nyimulu is the name of our hymn writer. Won't some of you pray especially for him? His first son translates roughly thus:

Leader:
Oh, our Lord Jesus, Son of God
Chorus:
Jesus, Jesus, who died for us*
Come again and open the eyes of the blind
Come again and heal the lame
Oh, Father God, comfort our hearts
Come again with the Power of your Spirit
Come again and chase away Satan

*This line is repeated after each following line.

Joan E. Yilek, Pokwo

GRATEFUL FOR LITERACY

We need your prayer help for our West Pakistan Literacy Organizer that he will be diligent in keeping financial records and that he will seek the Lord's glory and not his own. He has many abilities but these two things must be conquered. Praise that we now have four men and one woman full-time Literacy workers in our own Mission. Our work has grown so that I feel I cannot continue the chairmanship of the Literacy work for all of West Pakistan, therefore pray that someone else might be found for this particular job. Pray for our full-time workers and me that we may have all the love, patience, zeal and wisdom necessary for this great task. Pray that the clergy might work for a Bible-reading and practicing church.

Please join me in the type of Thank-offering meetings that I shall be attending this fall. The groups will be illiterate with a few who have recently become literate and still fewer who are educated. They will be wearing clothes which for the most part will be whole garments. No doubt one or two garments will be borrowed ones as the wearer will probably not own a complete whole suit. Such facts we discover when we inquire for an absent member only to be told that both of the women cannot be present in clean whole clothes at the same meeting.

Some of them will bring their small cup-shaped, earthenware banks, others a few small coins and often a silver rupee. As the little banks must be broken to collect the coins this process must have a special place on the program. It is done with considerable ceremony and noise. Each one donating then stands and tells why she is thankful.

Typical statements are these: "God brought my son back from the army." "My daughter was able to enter a crowded boarding school." (Our schools are so crowded that we find we have to turn away dozens each year from each school) "My baby was cured of his illness." "We have a church building." "We have a real pastor." (She meant a seminary-trained and ordained pastor rather than an Evangelist.) "I am happy because I can recognize the word Jesus." "I am thankful because now I can read how Jesus loves me too." "I am thankful that I have had enough bread to eat this year." I shall go away from each of these meetings with a deeper sense of the true values of life as seen from the viewpoint of these who have such a simple and pure faith. Praise Him for these.

Do you pause after reading the name of Our Lord and Saviour? Have

(*Continued on Page 188*)

WGMS SHORT-TERM MISSIONARIES

EGYPT

Miss L. Vernelle Blair, 1952 ..... Cairo
Miss Ruth A. Brooks, R.N., 1953 ..... Assiut
Miss Lela Dillon, 1954 ..... Assiut
Miss Evelyn C. Edie, 1955 ..... Cairo
Mrs. Jessie A. Fowler, 1955 ..... Assiut
Miss Evlyn W. Fulton, 1955 ..... Cairo
Miss Helen B. Galloway, R.N., 1954 ..... Assiut
Miss Lois A. Giffen, R.N., 1952 ..... Assiut
Miss Emogene A. Golding, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss Marilyn R. Law, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta
Miss Eunice McConkey, R.N., 1955 ..... Tanta
Miss Lois M. Patterson, 1954 ..... Assiut
Miss Carolyn A. Phelps, 1954 ..... Assiut
Miss Ruth Romaine, 1953 ..... Assiut
Mrs. Alma P. Ross, 1953 ..... Tanta
#(Mrs. John C.) Dorothy Miller Spielman, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss Jean E. Stultz, 1955 ..... Box 65, Tanta
Miss Mary Elizabeth Wilson, R.N., 1952 ..... Tanta
Mrs. Pearl M. Yeckel, R.N., 1955 ..... Tanta

#Two-year term

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss Marjorie L. Feenstra, R.M.T., 1954 ..... Lahore
Miss Helen P. Vos, R.N. ..... Lahore

THE SUDAN

Miss Irene M. Adams, 1954 ..... Khartoum North
Miss Minerva M. Campbell, 1954 ..... Atbara
Miss Martha I. Pollock, 1953 ..... Malakal

ETHIOPIA

Miss Lois R. Anderson, 1954 ..... Box 1111, Addis Ababa

UNDER APPOINTMENT

Miss Marguerite R. Fairman, M.T., 1955 ..... Bethesda Hospital, Zanesville, Ohio
Miss Audrey H. Kelker, 1955 ..... Box 55, Wildwood, Pa.
Mrs. Ilma M. Mason, 1955 ..... 4502 Natural Bridge Rd., St. Louis 7, Mo.
Miss Mary R. McLaughlin, R.N., 1955 ..... 721 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss A. Katie Turner, 1955 ..... 4302 Russell Ave., Apt. 1, Mt. Rainier, Md.

Temperance & Reform

MRS. W. J. H. McKNIGHT, Secretary
36 Iroquois Drive, Pittsburgh 28, Pa.

"Not I, but Christ,
We follow on with Him always."

BILLBOARD POSTERS

At the risk of being repetitious we are again plugging the *Billboard Poster* project.

At last the idea seems to be "catching on" in some areas, and since this is an excellent method of combating liquor advertising, and therefore a worthwhile project, we are urging all to give it serious thought.

By the time magazine reaches you, four or five posters will be on display in the Pittsburgh area through the efforts of Monongahela Presbyterial. The R. L. Caesar Advertising Company, through its representative, Mr. Robert Irwin, has generously offered to display these posters *free of charge* for a period of four to six weeks. Following this they will continue to display other posters as circumstances permit. All of this despite the pessimistic opinions of many that a display of such posters in a city like Pittsburgh would be practically impossible—which is to say, *one never knows until one tries!*

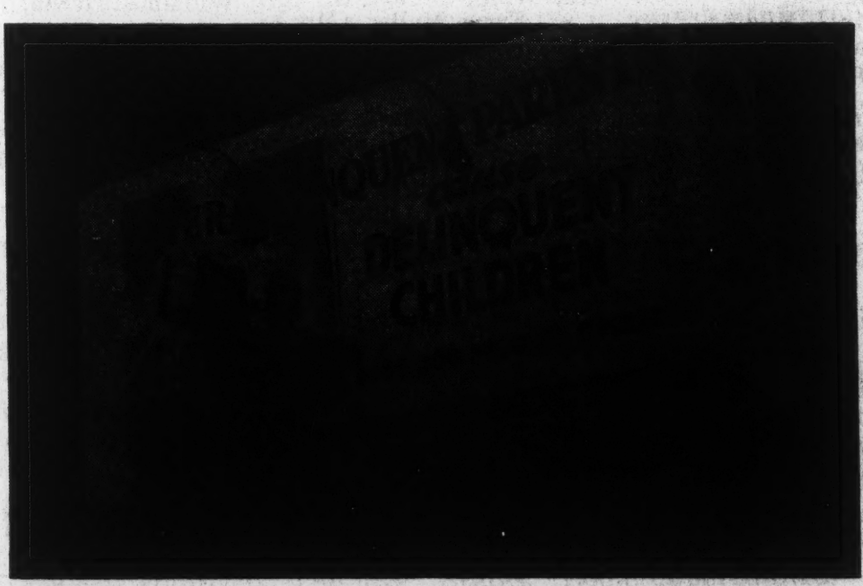
We are grateful to Mr. Irwin and his Company and are hoping you will all be able to find a company in your community as generous and public spirited! Try It! Remember, *you will never know until you do try!*

While publicity sheets containing pictures of three available posters with the necessary information were sent to all societies last year, we repeat the following pertinent facts:

1. Posters are 9½x20 feet, designed for the standard size billboards, 12x25 feet.
2. There are now four designs—order by number from the National WCTU Publishing House, Evanston, Ill.
3. Cost of each poster is $8.00, money to accompany the order. It is well to have the posters sent directly to the Outdoor Advertising Company which is to display them.

If you wish additional information, write us. May we ask that you notify us when you order posters so that a record of progress in this campaign may be kept.

We will publish the Names of all



groups or individuals reported. Who will be next?

We already have a record of three groups which have displayed the poster pictured on this page:

ZANESVILLE

Mrs. Orville Gray, Corresponding Secretary of the Sara Hanna Missionary Society wrote: "We are glad to report that our Society has purchased a poster which has been erected in a very good location on a much-traveled street to and from many of Zanesville's Industries. The poster is being displayed by our Zanesville Outdoor Advertising Company without any charge. The only cost to us was the cost of the poster itself."

COILA, N. Y.

The ladies of the Eva Arnott Mission Society of the Coila church (N. Y.) reported through Mrs. H. M. Edie that they had purchased a poster which is on display near the Cambridge, N.Y., High School. Mrs. Edie states that much of the credit goes to Miss Helen Wallace, one of their most active members and a teacher in the Central School.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Last spring we gave publicity, with an accompanying picture, in the *United Presbyterian* to the poster erected on Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y., near the scene of the WGMS Convention at the University of Buffalo. This poster was displayed by the Whitmier and Ferris Sign Company and was sponsored by Caledonia Presbyterial Prayer Group. Those responsible for negotiations were Temperance Secretaries, Mrs. J. A. Ames of North Park Church, Mrs. Harry Ashburn of Kenmore Church and Mrs. C. B. York of Riverside Church.

Let us dot the countryside with these posters as our answer to the thousands of alcoholic beverage billboards which line the streets and roads.

Who will be next to report?

LIFE MEMBERS

(*Continued from Page 176*)

22. Mrs. Margaret Armstrong, LeClaire, Iowa. By Mr. Clarence Sidlinger.

23. Mrs. W. J. Gibson, Jesup, Iowa. By Mrs. J. Y. Campbell.

24. Mrs. Mildred Isenberg, Canton, O. By Members and Friends of Sara Wallace Eby Society.

25. Mrs. Clara Nuijgens. By Women's Guild of Laurelton U. P. Church, Rochester, N. Y.

26. Mrs. Flora Johnston; By the WMS., Eskridge, Kansas.

27. Mrs. Walter Amacher; By the Corena Daugherty WMS, Canton, O.

28. Erma Muller (Mrs.); By Members of Women's League for Service, Bellerose, N. Y.

29. Mrs. Andrew S. Tallent; By her husband, through the WMS of First Church, Braddock, Pa.

30. Miss Lois McElwain. New Kensington, Pa. By self.

31. Mrs. Elizabeth McWilliams, Irwin, Pa. By Mrs. Mary Shirley.

32. Myrtle B. Henry, Irwin, Pa. By herself.

33. Mrs. Pearl G. Smith; By Fairmount WMS, Canton, O.

AN UNUSUAL EVENT

Miss Omah Woods of California, friend of missions and missionaries, announces that her sister Alice "will cross her century milestone October 17. I have invited forty or more to help celebrate her victorious life in Christ. My niece is bringing her mother from Chicago so the four girls will be together—Alice 100, Ida 95, Eva 90 and myself 88."

Our congratulations to this "quartet" of staunch Christian sisters, varying between the octogenarian and centenarian stages in life!

Literature Department

MRS. JAMES T. VORHIS, Secretary,
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

"Not I, but Christ,
He guides in all we do and say."

1956 READING COURSE (Continued)

(Choose one book in each group)

INSPIRATION

You Can Witness (A) by William H. McCorkle. Paper $1.00. 140 pages. "Evangelism is the major task of every Christian, every Church and every group within the church." The task of winning the world to Christ can never be accomplished by the ministers alone; every Christian has a responsibility. Who should go, to whom, how is the task to be done? Dr. McCorkle, Secretary of Evangelism of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, answers these questions and presents the subject in an effective way. A list of questions at the end of each of the eleven chapters helps crystallize our thinking or offers suggestions for group discussion.

Life Looks Up (AY) by Charles B. Templeton. Cloth $2.50. 192 pages. A collection of fourteen religious talks "sent out with the prayer that those who read them may be helped to understand and to follow after God." The titles are interesting and the content thought-provoking. *Revolution — Christian Style*—"we must make the revolution of our time a Christian revolution." *The Bigger They Come*—"ours is a day that demands greatness and heroic resolve." *Chrome-Plated Chaos*—"our life is a crazy quilt, made up of snippets and patches and lacking design." *Land of Beginning Again; Life Can Be Beautiful, If; Trading Pearls for Pebbles; The End is the Beginning; etc.*

Two Sons (AYT) by William M. Elliott, Jr. Cloth $1.50. 62 pages. Many illustrations and quotations enliven this interesting and colorful exposition of the parable of the Prodigal Son. Dr. Elliott contrasts the attitudes of the two sons, one repentant and the other self-righteous. The loving father forgives the sorrowing sinner but the elder son is unforgiven because he does not see his sin or need of forgiveness.

The Sure Victory (AY) by Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Cloth $1.00. This well-known Christian woman gives us an account of the prayer group she started on Formosa five years ago. "The results of this tiny effort have convinced me that a chain of prayer groups around the world could help to bring about world peace," she says. To explain her deep faith in the power of prayer she recounts the circumstances that influenced her thinking, notably her mother's faith and example and the experiences of the war years. The example of these loyal Christian groups, true to their faith through difficult situations, should inspire us to a higher level of faith and trust.

BIOGRAPHY OR OTHER TYPE

Calvin: A Life (A) by Emanuel Stickelberger. Cloth $2.75. 176 pages. What do you know of the life of our ecclesiastical ancestor? Through the skilled pen of the author, Calvin becomes a real person as we are carried back into the time when he lived, worked, taught and preached. All Americans should know something of this man whose thinking has shaped the political, economic and social structure of our democracy. Requires thoughtful reading.

How To Be an Effective Church Woman (AY) by Carolyn P. Blackwood. Cloth $2.50. 190 pages. "No where else in the world and at no other time in history have women and girls had freedom of opportunity for Christian usefulness that we Protestant women enjoy in the United States." Some opportunities are open

to all church women; others come only as we train ourselves for service and are willing to give the time required. This is a book all church women should read. If we put into practice only part of Mrs. Blackwood's suggestions what a difference would be experienced in local congregations.

Sagebrush Surgeon (AYT) by Florence C. Means. Cloth $2.50; paper $1.50. This is the biography of Dr. Clarence Salsbury, a pioneer missionary to the Navaho Indians. Dr. Salsbury, who has just recently retired from missionary service, and his wife founded in this desert area of Arizona a mission comprising school, hospital and church, a veritable oasis in the desert. The story of Ganado Mission should be especially interesting to United Presbyterians since it is only a hundred miles or so from our own work at Oljato, Utah.

The fourth book in this category will be one on *Stewardship*. Announcement in December issue.

PAPOOSE GO MERRY

(*Continued from Page 143*)

he must have canoed miles to find a cranberry swamp.

She asked Joe to stay for dinner. He needed no urging. He sat on the floor, without removing his black hat, and examined the fire engine. All afternoon he took turns urging the little horses on their charging call to duty.

At last, when the smells from the cooking food had become too tantalizing to bear, Mother called out "Din-ner!" We rushed to the kitchen, and there stood the greatest gift of all—Father! He and Mother burst into laughter.

"Merry Christmas, you rascals!" he cried as we swarmed over him. We had been so absorbed in playing we had not seen a small boat come up to our landing, nor heard him slip in to surprise us.

We were happy that day. I can still remember its peace. Whenever I hear bells across the snow at Christmas, I think of the brave clang of the little fire engine; and plover pie and cranberries make a regular love feast, and the best Christmas dinner in the world.

NEWS FROM AFAR

(*Continued from Page 166*)

anemic with symptoms of tuberculosis and signs of malnutrition and worms. What shall we treat first? becomes our question, and so often our hearts sink at our inability to give much help to those whose conditions seem so hopeless—sick in body and spirit.

Then we are reminded of the Scripture, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners (hopeless), Christ died for us (the complete remedy)." There is hope for the hopeless. As we minister in Christ's name God Himself blesses the medicines given to heal their bodies afflicted by disease, and He challenges us to believe for the healing of their souls afflicted by sin saying, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?"

All power is His in heaven and on earth." *Mrs. William Pietsch*

FOREIGN MISSIONS

(*Continued from Page 184*)

you ever thought of doing so? Neither had I until I began giving examinations to new readers of the Gospels or the little primers leading up to them. How many times I have seen the work-worn, burdened mothers pause in awful reverence just after reading the word "Jesus." Surely they are offering a silent prayer of thanksgiving. Through literacy, many of them have learned for the first time about God's great saving love for them. These fundamental truths are written beautifully in our primers. Thank God that we have such simple and lovely booklets. Do pray also that more good literature be produced. Pray that some person might be raised up for this work.

Laura R. MacLachlan

Tributes

Mrs. Maud Azdell

The Women's Missionary Society of the Cedar Creek United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Maud Azdell who recently passed away at the age of 78 years. She was a life member of the WGMS and was active in the work as long as her health permitted. She was a good friend, a kind neighbor and a faithful Christian. Her ever-ready wit, even during her lingering illness, will always be remembered by all who knew her.

To her daughter and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong
Mrs. Lee C. Thompson
Committee

Mrs. Clarence Campbell

The Lyda McClure Missionary Society of the Blairsville U. P. Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of a faithful member, Mrs. Clarence Campbell, who was called to be with her Lord on August 28, 1955. She was a life member of the WGMS and for many years a member of our society. We shall cherish her memory.

To her loved ones we extend our sincere sympathy and commend them to God's loving and tender care.

Janet McClure
Edna Trimble
Committee

Mrs. Jennie McKibbin Cotter

The Women's Missionary Society of the Service United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay tribute to Mrs. Jennie McKibbin Cotter, who was called to her heavenly home June 24, 1955. She was faithful to the Church, always an active leader. She was gracious, efficient, loyal and generous not only in the Church but in the Sabbath School where she served as a teacher for more than fifty years. She was a delegate to the first Thank Offering Convention from the Service Women's Missionary Society. We will mourn her loss and treasure her memory. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord."

Mrs. Emma Smith
Mrs. Lloyd Caler
Mrs. Eva Torrence

Mrs. George Glass

The Women's Missionary Society of the Venice U.P. Church wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. George Glass, who in recent weeks has been called to her heavenly home.

She was very much interested in all phases of the church work.

She made many Life Members in the Juniors, and Missionary Societies.

We, the members, honor and cherish the memory of happy times together.

Committee
Mrs. Goss
Mrs. Marrower
Mrs. Cowden

Mrs. W. A. Dickson

The Women's Missionary Society of the Canonsburg United Presbyterian Church, wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. W. A. Dickson who passed away August 6, 1955.

Mrs. Dickson was a Life Member of the Society. She was always active and faithful, having served as treasurer as long as her health permitted. She was gracious, efficient, loyal and generous with her time and talents to the society and the church.

We mourn her loss and treasure her memory and know that the influence of her life will serve as an inspiration to all who knew her.

To her loved ones we extend our deepest sympathy and commend them to the care of Him whom she served so faithfully.

Committee

Mrs. Thompson Fleming

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Newton, Massachusetts wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Thomas Fleming, a faithful member of our Society, who passed on to her eternal home on September 10, 1955.

For many years she was a valued member of the WGMS, active in the Ladies Aid Society, and maintained at all times, a profound and prayerful interest in every effort put forth in our church toward the furthering of the Gospel message both at home and abroad.

We cherish her memory and are thankful for her life among us. In extending our heart-felt sympathy to her family, we would commend them to the loving care of Him, whom she loved and served.

Committee

Mrs. W. P. Winkler

The Women's Missionary Society of the Unity U.P. Church wishes to pay respect to the memory of Mrs. W. P. Winkler who died May 27, 1955. She was a good friend, a kind neighbor and had contributed in service in her community and church. We cherish the devotion to the work of our Society in the years gone by when her physical body permitted. She lived a full threescore years and ten for her community and church. We extend deepest sympathy to her beloved husband and brothers and sisters.

Committee
Mrs. Henry Vetter Mrs. W. E. Vance

Mrs. Mary Vannorsdall

The Women's Guild of the Corinth Boulevard U.P. Church of Dayton, Ohio wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary Vannorsdall, who passed away June 18, 1955.

Her quiet devout Christian life was an inspiration to all who knew her. Her faith in God, and friendly manner toward all are memories we cherish. To her family we extend our sincere sympathy.

The Committee

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Miss Anita Ann Longhorn ..... Jones Academy, Hartshorne, Okla.
Mr. Leslie Smith ..... R.D. 1, Stilwell, Okla.
Rev. E. W. Machamer ..... Warm Springs, Oregon
Rev. Gilbert Forbes ..... Tama, Iowa
Mr. E. A. Penney ..... R.F.D., Simnasho, Oregon
Rev. F. C. Patterson, Oljato Christian Mission ..... Kayenta, Arizona
Freight and Express address .. Flagstaff, Arizona

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

FRENCHBURG, KY. SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Arthur Gathman ... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Geraldine Galloway, H.S. Prin. Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Lester McCauley, Elem. Prin. Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. S. O. Linderholm, Secretary .. Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Clay Banks ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Elsie Bashford ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Irene Birchfield ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Louise Burtner ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Francina Dyer ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Florence Eiler, Matron ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Hesselink ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Lois Heykoop ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Anna M. Hieronymus ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Alice Hughes ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. S. O. Linderholm ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Esther Marie McDowell ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Joyce Murphy ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bertha Pecht ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Robert Randall, Coach ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ross ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Zenas Spicer ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Ashley Stuart ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Adrian Wells ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Clinnie Patterson, Clothes Room Manager ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Lela Horn, Dietitian ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N. Supervisor ..... Frenchburg, Ky
Miss Betty J. Hatton, R.N. ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Joan Johnston, Business Office ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Berna Phelps, L.P.N. ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bernice J. Olson, Technician Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Emma Brooks, Dietitian ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

EZEL, KY. SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. William A. Heagen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Wanda Aigner ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Ran Boggs ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dorsey ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Zilla Hawthorne ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Glen Helton ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Jean Helton ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Duncan C. Henry ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Mildred Little ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Shirley Lobb ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Fred S. (Ann Adair) McGeoch ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Mayme McGuire ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Elza Motley ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. Ottis Murphy ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Dorothy Murphy ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Ora Mynhier ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Elizabeth Newcomb ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Mabel Parchman ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Marilyn Tague ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Florence Wheeler ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Eliza Hulick—Clothes Room Mgr. Ezel, Ky.

Boxes sent to Frenchburg by parcel post or motor freight should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Frenchburg, Ky., and those sent by railroad or express should be addressed to Mr. Arthur Gathman, Frenchburg School, Mt. Sterling, Ky. For Ezel to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Ezel, Ky., if by parcel post or motor freight, but to Mr. William A. Heagen, Ezel School, Mt. Sterling, Ky., if sent by railroad freight or express.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Miss Jean Dickey ..... New York Presbytery 51 Grant St., Fairview, N.. J.
Miss Esther Jones ..... Caledonia, Presbytery, 557 Emerson Dr., Buffalo 21, N. Y.
Miss Dorothy Partington ..... Westland, Pa.
Mrs. R. G. Russell 36 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Margaret Beveridge ..... U. P. Home, Washington, Ia.
Miss Ruth Courter ..... Winfield, Iowa

NEGRO MISSIONS

ARLINGTON INSTITUTE

Supt. and Mrs. K. P. Thomas ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Miss Harriet Locust (Bible) ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. M. C. Pugh ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. Alberta Southall ..... Annemanie, Ala.

CAMDEN ACADEMY

Supt. and Mrs. A. C. Peoples ..... Camden, Ala.
Asst. Supt. and Mrs. J. A. Tyree ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Ethel M. Allen ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Joe Dee Atchison ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Frances J. Boyd (Bible) ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. I. Brown ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss W. K. Charley ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Gwendolyn Cooke ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. R. V. Cooper ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. H. A. Duncombe ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. A. E. Freeman ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. J. E. Hobbs ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. McKeldin ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Elizabeth Parrish ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Geraldine Pettway ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Elois Primm (Bible ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mayme L. Smith ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Mattie L. Street ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss V. O. Watts ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss L. M. Washington ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Alice B. Whittaker ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss Cora H. Whorter ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. B. D. Bridges, Dietitian ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Sarah W. Rivers, Matron ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Minnie Peoples, Laundress ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. Martin Dees, Maintenance ..... Camden, Ala.
Rev. James F. Reese, Pastor at Camden and Miller's Ferry ..... Camden, Ala.

THYNE INSTITUTE, VIRGINIA

Mrs. Grayce S. Hudley ..... Chase City, Va.

JUBILEE HOSPITAL, N. C.

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Supt. .... Henderson, N. C.
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N. ..... Henderson, N. C.
Mrs. Barnett, R.N. ..... Henderson, N. C.
(Four other graduate nurses and twelve other aides.)

HENDERSON INSTITUTE

Miss Eva Thomas, Bible ..... Henderson, N. C.

KNOXVILLE COLLEGE, TENNESSEE

Mrs. Geneva Arnold, Ass't Dietitian ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss N. Addaline Brandon ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Eldred Davis ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
W. S. E. Hardy, M.D. ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Nettie C. Hickey, McCullogh Hall ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Esther Johnson, Wallace Hall Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. P. H. Parker, Church Missionary ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mozelle Robinson, Dean of Women ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir, Dietitian ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Mildred Wellman, R.N. ..... Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY, ALABAMA

Supt. and Mrs. B. T. Ridgeway Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Sallie A. Bettis ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. John Brooks ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Fannie P. Donaldson .... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Darthular M. Cunningham Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Olivia Hamilton ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Booker T. Hollinger ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Mildred Moseley ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Patterson .. Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Allene Reese (Bible) ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. F. D. Reese ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Annie Walton ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Otis Woody ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Annie Jones, Dietitian ... Miller's Ferry, Ala
Mrs. Annie McDowell, Matron .. Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. Herman Bridges, Maintenance ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.

PRAIRIE, ALABAMA

Supt. and Mrs. William T. Peters ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Leola Jackson ..... Prairie, Ala.
Miss Vashti Jones ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. D. C. McCall ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Helena Shelby ..... Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, D.D., Pastor at Prairie and Annemanie ..... 625 Jeff Davis Ave., Selma, Ala.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Josephine Warren ..... % Mrs. P. H. Parker, Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.
Dr. and Mrs. D. F. White ..... 825 First Ave., Selma, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE W. G. M. S.

% American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Mrs. Sara E. Baker, 1950 ..... Assiut
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N., 1931 ..... Assiut
Miss Mildred M. Cooke, R.N., 1954 ..... Assiut
Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922; 1945 ..... Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1924 ..... Assiut
Miss Lois M. Finney, 1953 ..... Cairo
Miss Davida M. Finney, 1915 ..... Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909 ..... Cairo
Miss Eleanor L. Gersiek, 1955 ..... Cairo
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921 ..... Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 ..... Tanta
Miss Alice M. Grimes, 1924 ..... Cairo
Miss Faith E. Hamilton, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss L. Katherine Jacobsen, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 ..... Benha
Miss Mary L. Markley, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915 ..... Cairo
Miss Beatrice H. McClellan, 1948 ..... Luxor
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923 ..... Cairo
Miss Ruth L. Nolin, M.T., 1955 ..... Tanta
Miss Helen J. Neerdewier, 1921 ..... Beni Suef
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 ..... Alexandria
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922 ..... Mansura
Miss Martha A. Rey, 1938 ..... Cairo
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925 ..... Fayoum
Miss Norma Lee Squires, 1954 ..... Cairo
Miss Inez M. Sutton, 1949 ..... Luxor
Miss Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1947 ..... Tanta
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939 ..... Tanta
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 ..... Assiut
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930 ..... Assiut
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932
9 Sharia Massoud, Abbassia, Cairo
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921 ..... Minia

On Furlough

Miss Marjorie J. Dye, 1951
Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford 5, Conn.
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949
Robinson Rd., R. 3, New Castle, Pa.
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948
R.D. 5, Mercer, Pa.
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924**
E. Platte Ave., Fort Morgan, Colo.

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss M. Marie Allison, 1952 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 ..... Lahore
Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941 ..... Sangla Hill
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921 ..... Pasrur
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937 ..... Lyallpur
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Audrey C. Campbell, 1953 ..... Rawalpindi
Miss Florence M. Carithers, R.N., 1953 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926 ..... Pasrur
Miss Margaret J. Fehlman, 1913 ..... Rawalpindi
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924 ..... Jhelum
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938 ..... Sargodha
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921 ..... Taxila
Miss Mary H. Lentz, R.N., 1950 ..... Taxila
Miss Barbara A. Lewis, 1953 ..... Lahore
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920 ..... Sargodha
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938 ..... Sheikhupura
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Gene A. Purdy, 1954 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 ..... Taxila
Miss Louise E. Scott, 1916 ..... Gujranwala
Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947 ..... Sialkot City
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928 ..... Campbellpur
Miss Josephine L. White, 1951 ..... Sialkot City

On Furlough

Miss M. Evelyn Cathcart, 1925
250 W. Green St., Glenwood, Minn.
Miss Edith M. Drake, 1947
4102 Memphis Ave., Cleveland 9, Ohio
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937
721 Forest St., Hartford, Wis.
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 ..... Salem, N. Y.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss S. Jane Lamont, 1928 ..... Pathankot
Miss Dorothy M. Neff, 1952 ..... Pathankot
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921 ..... Pathankot
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 ..... Pathankot

On Furlough

Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922
4641 Illinois Ave., Fair Oaks, Calif.

THE SUDAN

Miss Una Cole, 1918 ..... Gedaref
Miss Beverly J. Day, 1953 ..... Omdurman
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1945 ..... Nasir
Miss Rosaltha Kenagy, 1950 ..... Khartoum North
Miss Aleta J. Mathews, 1946 Box 34, Khartoum N.
Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926
Box 42, Atbara
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930 ..... Khartoum
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946 ..... Doleib Hill
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944 Pibor, via Malakal
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921 Box 155, El Obeid
Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1949
Ler via Adok, U.N.P., White Nile Mail Service
Miss Ruth E. Wilson, 1951 ..... Omdurman

On Furlough

Miss Mary Anna Bode, 1952
1769 Barr Ave., Pittsburgh 5, Pa.
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922
309 Entrance Dr., Ellwood City, Pa.
Miss M. Evelyn Stewart, 1952
3596 Walnut St., Lafayette, Calif.
Miss Helena G. Tetley, 1951
Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford 5, Conn.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Eileen Halewood, R. N.,1947
(Via Dembi Dolo) ..... Sayo
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948
(via Dembi Dollo) Sayo
Miss Norma H. Knieriemen, R.N., 1951 ..... Ghimeera
Miss Hazel J. McGeary, 1946 ..... Maji
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933 ..... Addis Ababa
Mrs. A. W. Polleck, R.N., 1942 ..... Maji
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923 ..... Addis Ababa
Miss Joan E. Yilek, 1948 ..... (Pokwo) Addis Ababa
(Maji & Ghimeera mail to Box 1111, Addis Ababa.)

On Furlough

Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 ..... % Mrs. A. C. Farner,
412 Center Ave., Greensburg, Pa.
Miss Martha A. Maxwell, R.N., 1951
95 Fairmont Ave., Fairmont, W. Va.
Miss Ruth E. McCreery, 1950
1625 Cleveland Ave., Loveland, Colo.
Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., 1933**
578 Sheffield Drive, Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.

UNDER APPOINTMENT

Miss Marie A. Lusted, R.N., 1955
1606 East-West Hwy., Apt. 342, Silver Springs, Md.
Miss Mary Frances Lyon, M.D., 1955
189 E. Grantley, Elmhurst, Ill.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911
United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909
1214 5th Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918
1116 East 7th, Newton, Kansas
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894
121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899 ..... Assiut, Egypt
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921
303 Pelham Ct. Apts., 6809 Emlen St., Philadelphia 19, Pa.
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918
% U.P. Home for Children, R.D. 1, Mars, Pa.
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906
1203 E. Washington St., Washington, Ia.
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902
1423 Winchester Ave., Lakewood 7, Ohio
Miss M. Stella Robertson, 1922
Five Shoregate, Crail, Fife, Scotland
Mrs. Jane C. Smith Simpson, 1922
4332 10th St., St. Petersburg 4, Fla.
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911
102 W. Poplar St., Grove City, Pa.
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904
306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919
% Mrs. A. Campbell Bailey, Washington, Iowa
Miss Ida Whiteside, 1913; 1935
25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.
Miss Ruth M. Williamson 1924; 1944
505 S. Main St., Greensburg, Pa.
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919
322 Bridge St., West Bridgewater, Pa.

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908
754—22nd St., San Diego 2, Calif.
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1918 ..... % Mrs. John Smiley,
311 N. St. Louis St., Sparta, Ill.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884
Box 992, Santa Ana, California
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913
6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago 21, Ill.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 ..... Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903
306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904
425 N. Galloway St., Xenia, Ohio
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891
325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Indiana
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902
306 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Georga Wengert, 1919 ..... Lebo, Kansas

THE SUDAN

Miss Mary E. Cole, 1919
308 W. Garfield St., Clarinda, Iowa
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912
21 Caroline Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924
3210 Olive St., Kansas City, Mo.
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919 ..... Lenox, Ia.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1920 ..... Reedsville, Pa.

**Leave of absence for family reasons. (Note: All short-termers are listed in the Foreign Department.)

MISSIONARIES UNDER THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

% American Mission should be added to each foreign address

EGYPT

Rev. and Mrs. Eugene H. Ammon ..... Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. Ewing M. Bailey, P.O. Box 1422, Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth E. Bailey ..... Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. K. G. Fleming ..... Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. Paul W. Jamison ..... Tanta
Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Kraft ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. John G. Lorimer ..... Mansura
Rev. and Mrs. Paul H. McClanahan ..... Assiut
Rev. H. A. McGeoch, D.D. ..... Alexandria
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. McGill, P.O. Box 1422, Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin ..... Fayoum
Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Nolin ..... Cairo
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nolin ..... Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. James W. Pollock ..... Tanta
Rev. and Mrs. Bernard E. Quick ..... Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Skellie ..... Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson .... Box 1422, Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Watkins ..... Assiut

On Furlough

Mr. and Mrs. Judson W. Allen .....
100 N. Phillips Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D.
Mr. Everett W. McCreery .....
R.D. 1, New Florence, Pa.
Mrs. H. A. McGeoch .....
Lakeside Ave., New Concord, Ohio
*Rev. and Mrs. George E. Morrison .....
Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford, Conn.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Turnbull .....
1431 Summit Ave., Ames, Iowa

PUNJAB, INDIA

Dr. and Mrs. J. Morgan McKelvey ..... Gurdaspur

On Furlough

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. McCulloch .....
Cottage 5, 108 Ross Ave., San Anselmo, Calif.

PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph C. Alter ..... Sialkot
Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown ..... Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. O. A. Brown ..... Taxila
Dr. and Mrs. Norval E. Christy ..... Taxila
Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Christy ..... Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings ..... Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Robert A. Foster ..... Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Glassman ..... Campbellpur
Dr. and Mrs. Orval L. Hamm ..... Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. John D. Harkness ..... Sargodha
Mr. and Mrs. Irvin G. Lotze ..... Gujranwala
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THE CHRISTIAN WORLD MISSION IN OUR DAY
(*Continued from Page 139*)

that will sell their wares! If envy, competition, bickering and compromising of the very things that draw people to the Christ is becoming apparent, and if the concern for *people* in the community and the giving of time and talent to minister to their frustrations and needs is lacking, may the time be already overdue to re-evaluate the activities and projects? Sometimes that which consumes time and energy may be devitalizing and weakening, not only for today, but in its influence on future congregational generations. It is significant that all of the more generally recognized denominations are much concerned about this emphasis on spiritual life and stewardship and proportionate, direct giving.

In the new approach to missions all lands and people are considered to be in need of the Christian World Mission for none have reached Christian perfection. Christians in all lands have rich spiritual experience to share with other Christians. No longer can we do one-way-street missionary planning, but must think in terms of a bridge over which Christians come and go to mingle their interests and experiences with other Christians.

Geographically and numerically Christianity is being extended in an unprecedented manner. The influence of Christian principles is penetrating the life of all mankind, though recognition may not always be given to the source. Should we fear, then, for the future? There may be eras and circumstances and road-blocking people and groups around which God will need to "plough" to accomplish His purpose, but in this final 1955 study on "Faith" are we not able to say sincerely that we believe that His promises are eternal, and that he is using co-working mankind in His Christian World Mission in Our Day, looking toward triumphant victory?

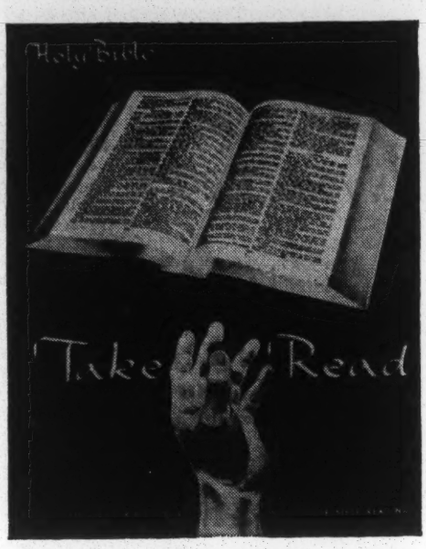
The message that should ring in our ears at this Christmas season is His call for agonizing prayer and service that is worthy of the Gospel and His work entrusted to us. Do you want to give the choicest Christmas gift to those whom you love and honor? It might not be material at all. If perchance it is for a non-Christian, or for one following afar off, the gift might be the courage and prayers that would lead you to present through simple words a loving invitation to give all that he has to Christ. That could be a double gift—your gift of Christian concern, and his gift of himself to the Christ of the Manger, of the Resurrection, of Pentecost —unforgettable gifts that could not be duplicated.

"LANDMARKS ACROSS THE CENTURY"

India-Pakistan U.P. Mission has passed many landmarks across the one hundred years since Andrew Gordon, his wife, little daughter and his sister began our work at Sialkot. A few of these landmarks are well dramatized in the pageant, *Landmarks Across the Century,* which many churches or mission groups doubtless used as a part of the Centennial celebration. The pageant may be used at any time, and copies free upon request are still available from the Board of Foreign Missions, 401 W. Chelten Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa. Send for them. The stories may be told, if dramatization is not possible. Authentic historical material of this type is not always forthcoming. File it!

12th Annual

WORLDWIDE BIBLE READING



1955
THANKSGIVING TO CHRISTMAS

How You Can Find Help from Bible Reading

1. Set apart a definite time each day for serious reading of your Bible.

2. Read in company with someone else whenever you can.

3. Read thoughtfully, prayerfully and slowly. "Not snapshots but time exposures" should be the rule.

4. Seek a personal message, ready to respond to it. Your answer to God's message is vital. When He condemns, bow penitently. When He offers light, place your hope on it. When He guides, follow. When He commands, obey.

5. Reread verses which strike fire. Copy out a key verse which seems to speak directly to you. Carry it with you and refer to it throughout the day.

Additional copies of this bookmark are available free from the

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TAKE READ

November

24 Thanksgiving ..... Psalms 23:1-6
25 ..... Psalms 46:1-11
26 ..... Psalms 100:1-5
27 Sunday ..... Matthew 5:1-26
28 ..... Matthew 5:27-48
29 ..... Matthew 6:1-15
30 ..... Matthew 6:16-34

December

1 ..... Matthew 7:1-29
2 ..... Matthew 18:1-14
3 ..... Matthew 18:15-35
4 Sunday ..... Matthew 22:1-22
5 ..... Matthew 25:1-30
6 ..... Matthew 25:31-46
7 ..... Mark 12:18-44
8 ..... Luke 7:31-50
9 ..... Luke 14:1-14
10 ..... Luke 14:15-35
11 Universal Bible Sunday
..... I Corinthians 13:1-13
12 ..... Luke 10:25-42
13 ..... Luke 15:1-10
14 ..... Luke 15:11-32
15 ..... John 3:1-17
16 ..... John 14:1-14
17 ..... John 14:15-31
18 Sunday ..... Romans 8:14-39
19 ..... Romans 12:1-21
20 ..... I John 4:1-21
21 ..... Isaiah 9:2-7
22 ..... Isaiah 11:1-9
23 ..... Isaiah 53:1-12
24 ..... John 1:1-18
25 Christmas ..... Matthew 2:1-11

For those who will continue reading the Bible the last six days of the year, these passages are recommended:

26 ..... Matthew 2:12-23
27 ..... Matthew 3:1-17
28 ..... Matthew 4:1-25
29 ..... Matthew 8:1-34
30 ..... Matthew 9:1-17
31 ..... Matthew 9:18-38

Won't you make Bible reading a daily practice? Ask your minister for lists, write your church headquarters or request our "Daily Bible Readings—1956" (U-139) from the

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